

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 133.

The Principles of Nature.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

In view of the gross, injurious, and unmanly falsehoods circulated by a thoughtless, corrupt, and pandering press, I can not but express what I think, feel, and know in regard to the subject of spiritualism. It would seem that quite a number of the conductors of public journals are reprehensibly ignorant of the growth, development, and tendency of a rational belief in the doctrine that spiritual intelligences are more or less cognizant of us and our actions, and have the ability to give palpable evidence of the same. That there is any thing particularly monstrous, diabolical, blasphemous, profane, absurd, or silly, in entertaining such views, is among the many lessons of wisdom I have yet to learn. Many of the professed disciples of the reformer who taught this idea—Jesus of Nazareth—lovers of long prayers, long sermons, long creeds, long faces, a very long day of grace, and very high steeple, raise one great shout of holy horror as if utterly overwhelmed by the tremendous enormity of the doctrine. Yet this very class assume to be in direct communion with Jesus Christ, and God himself even. Oh! does not the pious sneer and the pharisaical groan of godly comfort come from such with an ill grace? Of what use are Bibles and Testaments to those who reject, with sanctified scorn, the doctrine of spiritual guardianship? What divine comfort can they glean from the vision of Moses and Elias, living and conscious, cognizable and cognizing, willing, acting, speaking? They weep and wail over the death of the mortal body, forgetting that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him." And ministers, when dissolution comes to the outer husk, send forth a mournful cry of sorrow, long-drawn and direful, like the prolonged, dismal drone of a Scotch bagpipe, as though that had befallen which was out of the manifest order of things, not knowing that death is as necessary to the development of man as birth.

These teachers discourse of "heaven and immortal glory," as if it were their exclusive privilege to know more about both than other people; but let a human hand be controlled to write about "heaven and immortal glory," or let writing to the same purport take place without any visible intervention, and lo! the old stereotyped accusation comes up, "He hath a devil," or, possibly, it sinks into the sorry sound of "humbug." Our brethren of the churches as well as our friends of the press, do wrong; they do not judge righteous judgment, condemn without hearing, punish without mercy. Where is that divine exhibition of Christian charity which we have a right to expect—that respect for human evidence which our testimony ought to secure? Alas! both are covered with sectarian rancor, buried in old traditions, crushed down by superstition.

What is Spiritualism? Simply a belief that spiritual beings communicate with man in an intelligible manner.

Is that all? That is enough to entitle one to be called a Spiritualist—and a host of epithets that ought to fit better the mouth of a Hottentot than that of a Christian. Do our opposers imagine that every thing which comes up is to be hung on to some projecting horn of Spiritualism, and baptized by that name? If they do, they labor under a serious mistake. They will learn anon, that there are in the ranks of this faith a multitude of men and women of cultivated, refined, logical, and practical minds. And there is a powerful reserve force yet to appear and bear testimony—hundreds of thousands ready to take the stand to-day, and testify to facts that can not be explained on other than the spiritual theory. The course of the doctrine of angelic ministry is like a sweeping avalanche, and can not be withstood.

The Boston *Olive Branch* says, with a beautiful simplicity really quite refreshing in these days of disingenuousness, "Whether the destruction of one of their gods, the 'wooden savior,' in New York, which was lately exhibited in Lynn, Mass., will have the effect to scatter this fanatical band, remains to be seen." This charming *nuivete* on the part of the worthy *Olive Branch* speaks better, perhaps, for its belief than for its knowledge. I have pleasure in informing that curious sheet, that there are something like fifteen hundred thousand Spiritualists in these confederate States; there were two of this number engaged in the construction of the mechanism, not ten who had faith in its ultimate success, and but one who believed in the extraordinary claims put forth in the columns of the *New Era*. And do my very good friends of the *Olive Branch* suppose that the failure of a mere mechanical experiment and its subsequent destruction will scatter the "fanatical band" of a million and a half of sensible persons, the majority of whom have never so much as heard whether there be any "wooden savior!" I am forced to the conclusion that they have not availed themselves of the means of information within the reach of all, and so very imperatively necessary to the proper conduct of a public journal. There may possibly be a few hundreds of this "fanatical band" on the subscription list of the *Olive Branch*, who will, probably, through its columns receive the first intimation that has yet reached them of the former existence and recent destruction of the "wooden savior," or their own consequent annihilation. A little judicious reading

and candid reflection would have saved those acute critics the perpetration of a paragraph exhibiting their entire innocence of all correct knowledge of the spiritual movement. The reasonings of the *Olive Branch* are predicated on the following logic:

Men commit suicide with the Bible in their hands; *ergo*, the Bible ought to be burned.

People tell lies, swear, and vilify their neighbors with the tongue; *ergo*, the tongue ought to be cut out.

Many persons are driven mad by preaching; *ergo*, preaching is dangerous, and ought to be restrained by penal enactments.

Young ladies have been seduced by clergymen; *ergo*, the clergy are "infernal," and ought to be exiled to Australia or Demerara.

A Methodist Protestant has been discovered guilty of polygamy, and teaching its adaptability to human happiness, based on the rather extensive experience of Solomon; *ergo*, all Methodist Protestant fellows should be destroyed.

Not a word of comment is necessary to expose the fallacy of such logic as this; but this kind of reasoning is applied to Spiritualism with a vigorous hand. I can not say that I like whine and cant, and "Hot Corn" piety.

Recently the opposition has saddled a new piece of infamy upon those who believe in the ability of departed human spirits to communicate with their friends in the body. This last miserable subterfuge is labeled "Free Love," and was never heard of by the great body of Spiritualists until it was bruited abroad in the papers, after having unjustly fallen from the lips of the Hopedale prophet. I have been conversant with the spiritual movement over five years, have seen nearly every variety of development, visited several States of the Union, mingled much with believers and media, and yet never heard a single word about "Free Love"—which opposers construe to mean unbridled licentiousness, affecting the whole "fanatical band" to a lamentable degree. I unhesitatingly and advisedly pronounce this report an unqualified libel—a slander so gross that I marvel how it can find even temporary entertainment among the bitterest opponents of Spiritualism. Where Adin Ballou found this bantling, I am at a loss to know; I am quite sure it was never conceived and born in Boston. He may have witnessed "indiscoverables" at Hopedale; but I have not yet seen any thing of that character in any place where I have been. On the contrary, it has always been inculcated that spirituality thrives best on the ruins of sensuality; and that moral purity is the main pillar in the spiritual temple. It is singular that a doctrine so opposite to what is generally taught, should be brought to Spiritualists with the hope and expectation that they will take the infamous credit of its paternity. Mr. Ballou probably did not intend, when he alluded to that subject, to fasten its stigma upon Spiritualism, or give the impression that it had a tendency to generate unmitigated prostitution. While agreeing with many things he has written, I can not but regret his positiveness on this point, and the haste with which he seized the mantle of prophecy, and wrapped it about him. The purity of his motives I do not impugn, neither do I question his right to express his opinion, when, how, and as often as he pleases. But I am restive under this blistering-plaster, which has been clapped upon our backs without our knowledge or consent. It is an imputation so unfounded that thousands of excellent persons consider it too palpably unjust to merit the notice of a refutation. Let it be known and understood, that the majority of Spiritualists are sticklers for purity of life and conduct, conscious that it is essential to health, happiness, and the exaltation of the immortal nature. Let the press be just and generous, nor judge a million of people by a single isolated case.

The charge of the tendency of Spiritualism to insanity is false in toto, as the statistics of insanity and its causes prove beyond a doubt. While the number of spiritual believers has doubled within two years, the number of the insane has decreased one half. Figures are inexorable—stronger than theories. Some of the editorial fraternity, while writing about lunacy, had better drop their pens and read the hospital reports for the last few years, and compare them with the admitted growth of Spiritualism. According to the thoughtless statements of several journalists, there ought to be an alarming increase of insanity with the increase of Spiritualists, which is not the case.

Not long since the Boston *Mail* made the kindly, courteous, charitable, and gentlemanly remark, that "Judge Edmonds and seven hundred other fools" had gone to Framingham. Judging from this polished paragraph, of what particular religion might the *Mail* man be? He belongs to a tolerant system, obviously; but not to the Christian faith, probably, because he employs an offensive epithet, the use of which Jesus forbids. If the editor of the *Mail* had accompanied the Judge (providing the Judge had been there, and permitted him that liberty), how many of the class designated (so gently) would there have been at Framingham? Will the *Mail* be good enough to figure it up, and see if the sum total will be the same? Suppose, now, that those "seven hundred fools" who went, and the several hundred who didn't go, should be so absurdly and ridiculously foolish as to pronounce the *Mail* a foolish paper and refuse to patronize it, who would, in such a case, feel the most foolish? Those

who have regard to the very trifling and extremely earthly consideration of circulation, may possibly, in process of time, feel the reaction of their unqualified unfairness; although I wish them nothing of the kind, being willing that every body should enjoy their own opinions and prosper. We would commend the editor of the *Mail* to the attention of those distinguished disciples of Spurzheim, the Fowlers, feeling confident that his head must present an extraordinary "manifestation" of the bump of benevolence. (I presume the great American traveler—Daniel Pratt, Jr.—may be able to direct the anxious and excited inquirer to the editor's sanctum.)

Again, the "ghost" editor of the New York *Tribune*, in a sudden exacerbation of anti-spiritual fervor, lifeth up his resonant voice, and incontinently declaimeth that, "Spirits communicate nothing new."

The *Tribune* has been in circulation several years, and carried many thousands of columns of matter to various parts of the Union. It has done more real, radical, practical talking than any paper in this country. Now will the frisky "ghost" editor, who loveth to haunt the columns of the *Tribune*, and blithely darkly about the editorial kennel, be so very kind and obliging as to inform me, and the world generally, what new principle in Art, Science, or Philosophy it has sent forth to enlighten the world, of which it can justly claim the paternity. Gentle specter, I pause for a response! What has the organ you delight to honor with the playful children of your brain originated, that nobody ever thought of before?

Still, has not the *Tribune* exercised a strong and lasting influence on the minds of men? Would it be too charitable to suppose that it has been the instrument of positive good to the human family. And yet the *Tribune* has not made a single grand discovery, notwithstanding it has communicated with the world so many years, and done so much hard rapping. Is the worth of any thing to be measured by its absolute newness? What did Jesus of Nazareth, the most noted of reformers, teach that was positively and unconditionally new? He proclaimed the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and insisted on the practical acknowledgment of the "Golden Rule." Had not Confucius and several other "heathen philosophers" taught the same doctrines? Many think that he was the "very God," yet find not a word of fault because he preached no doctrines entirely new. If a God could teach nothing higher and nobler than brotherly love, what can Trinitarians expect of departed human spirits, in all essential respects beings like ourselves? Does the specter editor feel inclined to undervalue the ministry of Jesus, because he inculcated such plain and simple truths? Far from it, I imagine. He is quite aware that that personage has exercised a very great influence on the destiny of the world. As a reformer, the majority of Spiritualists receive, believe in him, and love his pure and peaceable doctrines. They desire nothing better than the full realization of his prophecies. They believe the churches have the form without the power of godliness—the external code without the inner life and spirit of Christ, written on the tablets of the mind. Churchmen hope they shall have a conscious existence after the death of the body, Spiritualists know they shall. Hence most of the latter class have a strong faith in the practicability of many of the strange things recorded in the Bible, and believed miraculous or contrary to the laws of Nature.

The *Tribune* has been in operation longer than the marvels of modern Spiritualism, yet it has convinced nobody of the immortality of the soul; Spiritualism has convinced thousands. Horace Greeley (the instrument editor) is a man of genius—as much a special instrument of Heaven as Henry Ward Beecher, or a clever shoemaker, blacksmith, or anybody else—but he gives us nothing wonderfully new.

Pleasant-hearted specter! will you not please try and be reasonable? Come, look at us again, and see if you can not discover some good in us. And, gentle editor, remember that life is short, and the "ghosts" will soon "get hold of fellows" like you and I.

J. H. ROBINSON.

LEICESTER, MASS., Oct. 30th, 1854.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH.—It is Coleridge, I think, who remarks, that "He who begins by loving Christianity more than Truth, will proceed by loving his own sect more than Christianity, and end by loving himself more than either." Of the general truth of this remark we have an exemplification in every department of the professedly Christian world. Those who, faithful to hereditary impression, make Christianity the foundation, without once thinking to inquire into its true nature and intrinsic merits, are invariably those whose efforts are absorbed in the promotion of some distinctive and sectarian interpretation of Christianity; and of this sectarian spirit the spirit of selfishness is the legitimate offspring, and almost invariably attendant. This may explain the stolid conservatism and general absence of the spirit of philanthropy and reform from the various sects of the present day. If, however, the love of Truth is made the basis of the moral affections, and Christianity is loved only because of its truth, a general truthfulness of thought, correctness of deportment, and benevolence of aspiration will characterize all departments of human life.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

JUDGE EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—The question is often asked: What is meant by Spiritualism? and although often answered in part, I have not as yet seen any consecutive reply which amounted to a synopsis of the whole belief of those who have investigated the subject, nor am I certain that my own views will accord with those of others. I am at least certain, however, that the statement I am about to make is in strict accordance with the various communications I have received; and although they have been all of a disconnected or broken character, still the impression they have made on my mind is so indelibly fixed, that the following may be taken as a just synopsis of the communications I have received. The present article will give none of the proofs necessary to establish the fact that Spirits do communicate with mortals; all that has been already established by yourself and others beyond a doubt. In some future article I may treat on that branch of the subject, and give various tests which have occurred with myself. The present purpose is rather to review the philosophy of Spiritualism apart from any of the current tests of the day, and I shall, therefore, commence with such an hypothesis as seems, from the communication of Spirits, to be in accordance with the truth.

In the earliest imaginable period of creation all those substances we now know of as matter, and which the chemist informs us are composed of about sixty simple substances, were in a state different from that in which we are enabled to recognize them, and their condition may be better understood by the following:

If a quantity of smoke, gas, or other æriform matter, with or without particles, held in it in mechanical suspension; be admitted under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump many times the size of the smoke or gas, it will expand at once, so as to fill the whole space, and of course in a dilated condition. The diffusion of the aroma of flowers is an analogous example in part. Bearing this fact in mind, we may conceive that before the aggregation of matter it was so divided and dilated in space as to be, even in its grossest particles, beyond examination by the microscope or by chemical test; but still every ultimate, however minute, had an existence as definitely as now, and this existence, or life-principle, has accompanied each particle through all time and through all the changes it may have undergone. This life-principle was coeval with its existence, and may be called the spirit of each particle.

Those who understand the laws of attraction, and of centrifugal and centripetal forces, will readily comprehend that motion is a consequence of such existence, and that no one ultimate could exercise motion without imparting it to every other particle in space. Let those who doubt the extreme divisibility of matter observe the following propositions: If in the cellar of a tall building a large amount of pig lead be deposited, and the upper part should be occupied as sleeping rooms, the inhabitants of those rooms will often be affected by lead colic, commonly known as painters' or Devonshire colic; and consequently it is evident that lead is volatile, that minute portions have passed up with the atmosphere, and been received in the bodies of those so affected. Chemists tell us that they can detect a single grain of lead dissolved in one hundred gallons of water. A single grain of musk gives out its aroma for twenty years without any appreciable loss in its weight, and still a portion of the musk must have been received by every person smelling it. Who has not smelled copper, and, if so, must not part of the copper have entered his nose? If a single grain of iron exists in every million of cubic miles in space, as there is no end to space, there would be iron enough for the creation of a new universe. We may suppose, then, that in the chaotic period those things which we now know of as matter, either simple or compound, existed in this extremely divided state throughout, and became subject to natural law. The natural philosopher has no difficulty in understanding that this great mass of dilated material would be continually attracted toward a common center, and would revolve, gradually assuming the spherical shape, and as the laws of motion are as constant as those of rest, once in motion it could never cease. Every ultimate, accompanied by its spirit, or undying principle, commenced its first action to obey those laws originating from itself, and arising from the Divine Will, represented by the spirit of all ultimates in so just proportion to each other as to be all-wise, all-powerful, and hence all-good.

This mass, then, revolving as a sphere in space, would continually condense in size, until, by increase of velocity, and consequent increase of centrifugal force, portions would be thrown off, which would forever surround the great mass in continuous motion, as the rings of Saturn now do; that those rings, from the condensation of the central mass, and the segregation of themselves, would eventually break, become comet-like in form, until they, like the original mass, would form into spheres themselves, going through the same course of action, and eventually throwing off new quantities, which in turn would become satellites to themselves. Thus our sun emanated from the original central mass, and our earth, together with all our planetary system, was thrown off from the sun as our moon has been thrown off from our earth. Probably countless suns and

systems like our own have been and are still being thrown off from the central mass; for the law of progression emanated from the Divine Will, and consequently formed of the spirit-influence of every ultimate in nature, and its accompanying spirit has controlled, and will control, their action for all time. God is resident; then, in every ultimate, and every ultimate has its spirit. Every combination of ultimates has a combined spirit approximating toward man in the ratio of the number of simples contained within it, and this rule may be clearly understood when applied to any one of the planets in its progress; thus with our earth we find all the simples of nature in the rocks, but not all in any one rock. We find them all in the soil, because the soil is formed by the debris of all the rocks, and the solidification of materials received from the atmosphere, which itself emanated originally from the more material portion of the solid parts of the globe. We find all the simples of nature in plants, but not more than fifteen of them in any one plant. They all exist in animals, but not all in any one animal; until we reach man, who is but the result of progression, and is a consequence of natural law. Man, then, is a synopsis of creation, containing all the simples of which all other substances in nature were formed, and with it a corresponding combination of spirit. Different men may contain, as the constituents of their bodies, different relative proportions of all the simples of nature, and hence they differ in appearance, in spirit, and in progression; for as we find, by combinations of simples, new properties and results not belonging to either of their constituents, so by the combination of spirit in man we find results superior to that which exists with the spirits of animals. He is more nearly the representative of his God, and the expression that "God made the world a divine man" is not without significance. The spirit of man, then, is the representative of the combined spirit of all that preceded him, and when parted from his form remains immortal, subject to progression, and a consequent close approximation to the divine spirit, God, which divine spirit differs from the spirit of progressed man, in being from all time an exact representative of the spirit of all nature, just in the combination, and bearing an exact analogy to the combination of the spirit of all simples in their equitable, relative proportions. The spirit of man is wanting in this exact ratio of proportion as representative of all the ultimates, and hence its inferiority to the great Divine Spirit, and the difference between the spirit of one man and that of another may be clearly understood by the same rule; for spirit-like matter may differ in its powers as matter differs in its composition. The chemist tells us that nitric acid, which is a poison, and thus we see that a new property arises from this combination not common to its integrants. Is it the matter, then, that acts as a poison, or is it the antagonistic quality of the spirit of each of its ultimates, or of some of their sub-combinations, that deranges the condition of his resident spirit, separating it from his form, and thus causing death from what is called poison?

Spiritualists believe that the spirits of men in the form sometimes exist in such combination as to recognize, and be in ready sympathy with the spirits of men not in the form, and that the material portion of these seers is in such relative condition with their Spirits as to recognize what the Spirits perceive. Such seers inform us that they perceive the Spirits of the departed in a form surrounded sometimes by the spirits of every call inanimate objects. Thus every leaf has its spirit, every animal, indeed every substance in nature, and each to the Spirit-man, in the Spirit-land, bears the same relation that the material world bears to the material man, that even a thought once perfected has form visible to the Spirit-man.

The Spiritualist believes that by the exercise of his best faculties he imbibes such portions of spirit as elevate the character and quality of its general combination; and he believes that the Spirit of Jesus of Nazareth was a combination more perfect than any that has preceded or followed it; that an attempt to follow the example of this Son of Man, and of God, tends to progress the spirit while in the form; that the subduing of our passions, the exercise of charity, such as was possessed by the Christ, enabling him to view the acts of others without prejudice, and the ability to perceive precise truth, is the obeying of God's will, or, in other words, following out the law of his progression as consequent upon the aggregation of his form and existence, having its birth in the original configuration of the ultimates which, in their travel through nature, eventually made man.

Spiritualists do not believe that those portions of the Bible which bear the impress of divine revelation contradict their views in any one particular.

They do not believe in the existence of evil Spirits, unless the less progressed be considered as comparatively evil, as compared with those more advanced. They believe that man in the form is but in youthhood; that true man is the Spirit-man in the Spirit-land.

They do not believe in the doctrine of rewards and punishments, but they do believe that evil is a consequence of offended law, which is eternal as spirit, and the natural emanation

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1854.

SECTARIANISM TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.

If we look at the popular theologies we shall hardly fail to observe the traces of a corrupt and speculative philosophy—of dark mysteries and unfounded superstitions, long blended with the precepts of heavenly wisdom. The increasing light and knowledge of our time is rapidly disclosing these errors to the world. A veil that has long covered a multitude of sins is torn away. Many of the church dogmas are found to be mere phantoms. One after another, like shells, they explode, and the people are alarmed when the danger is past. Though men cling to their errors with a firmness and resolution only equalled by the force of their early prepossessions, it must be acknowledged there are many indications of reform. It is true that men are beginning to entertain a higher regard for whatever is consistent and reasonable, even in religion. There are some intrepid spirits who will no more be driven from this field of inquiry. They will venture to examine the doctrinal superstructure of the Church, and if it consist of "wood, hay, and stubble," it will be given to the flames, and consumed with the multitude of human devices. What though the whole be cast into the fire? The truth has nothing to fear. Like the fine gold, it will only shine with a purer luster when separated from the commingling elements of ignorance and superstition. We regard it as a part of our mission on earth to assist in removing these errors and corruptions. The truth, long buried beneath the superincumbent mass, must be exhumed. We must seek for it as for a hidden treasure. We desire to follow Truth, though it lead amid cloud and flame, or through the unyielding earth. This shall be the object of our pursuit, for the experience of every day evinces that nothing but truth can pass the ordeal which is to try every man's work.

There is a power employed that is rapidly changing the faith of the Church and the opinions of the world. We live at a period in which the mere dictum of arbitrary men is not mistaken for the oracle of God. The *ipse dixit* of the priest is not the foundation of faith. Evidence is necessary to produce conviction, and nothing short of this will command our assent. There are many Christians who are disposed to subject the doctrines of the nominal Church to the test of a rigid examination. He reasons falsely who is led to suppose that this characteristic of the age indicates a growing spirit of irreligion; on the contrary, we regard it as the surest evidence that man is beginning to feel a deep and abiding concern in the investigation of revealed truth.

Let no one imagine that we design to carry on a direct warfare against existing modes of faith. We have a higher object and aim. It may be necessary occasionally to glance at the so-called Evangelical ideas and doctrines, in order to direct the attention of our readers to their influence and results as developed in the condition of society. What, we ask, has the popular theology accomplished in the great work of removing the existing evils? What have all the old theories in morals and religion done to refine the nature and improve the condition of man? Have they been instrumental in working out a higher destiny for the race, or is the world become more debased in morals, and in the circumstances of its social condition, with each succeeding generation? It is our privilege to press this question. If you had a friend sick, you would have an undoubted right not only to inquire into the nature of the remedial agents employed in his case, but also to witness their operation. If he continued to grow worse, or the disease to assume a more aggravated form, or if he failed to recover under the peculiar mode of treatment adopted, you would naturally conclude that the physician did not understand his case, or that his prescriptions were not adapted to the condition and wants of the patient. In such a case you would most certainly resort to other remedies. But this mode of illustration will equally well apply to universal humanity. That there is derangement or disease in the great body will not be questioned. But that there is any proper adaptation of the treatment to the nature of the case, is not sufficiently evident. If the world is possessed of an evil spirit, will you send forth legions of like spirits to cast him out? If the involuntary motion of the great system is irregular—if the whole body is fearfully convulsed—is it likely that any galvanic process, such as the ordinary revivals, will restore a proper action? If some of the members are greatly inflamed, will you expose them to the action of everlasting fires to reduce the inflammation? If the patient exhibit symptoms of madness, will you persuade him out of his reason? True, this is the characteristic treatment of the Church, and thus its doctors have tried for ages to cure the world; and what is the result? Is there any improvement? Is the system generally in a better condition? Why, those who feel the patient's pulse, affirm that there is but little hope—that the world is waxing worse continually. Many think that the one true faith is in danger from the influence of a vain philosophy that is closely allied to infidelity. Indeed, if the world be half as vile as some would have us believe, surely the poet hath described it well:

"Good men are here and there, I know; but then—

* * * * *
Like a black block of marble jagged with white,
As with a vein of lightning petrified,
Looks blacker than without such."

But we are not without faith in man. We are not prepared to relinquish our confidence in God. We believe that the world is advancing; that the general tendency of things is upward. In our judgment, the past history and present condition of society indicate at least a gradual improvement. Whether this is to be placed to the credit of popular theological influences, or whether it be the result of other causes, we shall not stop to inquire. But if it be true that the present tendency is downward, that the general movement is retrogressive, we desire to know who is to be held accountable for the results. How can the advocates of the received theology escape from this responsibility? They have had every opportunity to direct the course of the world, and to remove the existing causes of evil. They have opened the channel in which the current of human affairs is rolling on from age to age; they have explained the duty of man, and determined his destiny; they have fixed the standard of faith, and defined the limits, beyond which there is no hope. Around the domestic fireside, and

in the schools, where the young mind receives its first and most enduring impressions—in religion and morals—in all the departments of business—indeed, in every field of thought and action, they have wielded a controlling power. For centuries they have guided the Church and State. The voice from the altar has found a response in the hearts of millions, while the influence that has gone out from the throne has been felt by the remotest subject of the empire. In their hands is lodged the power which has ruled the world. Their authority is so extensive, so generally acknowledged, even now, that Truth itself will only pass current when under seal of the Church; and Virtue, to practice on her own account, must have a license!

In this country they have had a period of two hundred years to make an experiment in morals. They have framed the institutions and formed the character of a great nation; they have occupied the seats of learning, and controlled the legislation. It may almost be said that they have made society what it is, and molded the minds and manners of the people at pleasure. We would not admit, even by implication, that all the master spirits of our country have entertained the popular opinions in theologies. We are aware that a Washington, a Jefferson, and a Franklin—that the Nation's Father—that the chief of the Apostles of Liberty, and he who took the thunderbolts from the armory of heaven—that many of the illustrious dead have secretly cherished a better faith; a faith not so much like firmness, but closely allied to that CHARITY that never faileth. Give to these men all the influence they have possessed and exercised, and still it is true that the power of the Church has been felt in all the departments of government, and in every walk of life. And yet, with all these means and opportunities at command, instead of performing a great work for humanity, they have, according to their own confession, accomplished nothing. If any one is disposed to question the entire correctness of this remark, let him listen to the communications from the pulpit, and read the popular religious journals. The great theme is the manifest declension in morals and the general apathy in religion. The priests apprehend that the Church is in danger, and as for the world, it is about to experience a relapse, alike fatal to its present happiness and future salvation. If there is any ground for these apprehensions, we may repeat the question, On whom is this fearful responsibility to rest? If society is in a bad condition, why have they not made it better? If the standard of morals is low, it is well to raise it up. They have the power, and they have had ample time and opportunity to exercise it. A period of centuries is quite sufficient to give any system a fair trial. If their principles have been preached and practiced thus long, and still the condition of society is in no way improved, it is surely high time for the doctors to take their own nostrums, and for the world to test the efficacy of other means. There must be something intrinsically weak in a system that is productive of no better results. Is it the part of wisdom to attempt to renovate the world by means and instruments so long employed in vain? An illustration in this place will enable the reader to form an intelligent judgment.

Suppose you were ill, and in a condition to require the professional services of a physician; let it be supposed that his first prescription is *calumet*; the second day, being no better, you are directed to continue the same: the third day, finding that you are still worse, and the symptoms more alarming, he deals out double the number of grains of calomel, and orders the same prescription continued every day for one year. If you are alive at the end of that time, you would doubtless think it advisable to change the treatment. Now the world has long been ill. There is a diseased moral action that affects the whole body. The Church has applied its remedies to check the disease. With little variation it has pursued the same mode of treatment from year to year, through a long succession of ages, and what is the result? Is the world any better? Why, the doctors being judges, it is in the condition of the woman who came to Jesus: she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." We therefore submit to the judgment and common sense of the reader, whether it is not time to give up the patient. Let others try their skill—for every century of the past give them only *ten years*, and if in the period thus allotted they do not effect a great and happy change in the physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual condition of mankind, let them also resign, and spend the remnant of their days in penance.

But before the people will acknowledge the justice of our claims, and apply our principles in the affairs of life and the government of the world, they must be satisfied that they are founded in truth. It is our privilege to furnish the evidence required, and it becomes our appropriate duty to show that the principles we advocate harmonize with Reason and Nature; that they correspond to the essential constitution and philosophy of all things.

We regret that the acknowledged faith and opinions have done no more to elevate the innate affections, and improve the external condition of man. They have utterly failed to correct the heart or the life. They have disturbed his present peace and darkened his prospects for the future. Thousands of the young and innocent have been induced to relinquish whatever is most beautiful in life—to give up all that renders religion attractive and divine, for a miserable superstition, which, like the *Upas*, fills the very atmosphere with death. We are reminded that this dark theology, like a great Idol, has been rolling its ponderous car over the world for ages—we follow its desolating track by the wreck of noble minds—by the fearful wail of the lost spirit, and the crushed hopes and affections and bodies of those we love!

It is with no unkind feelings that we expose the errors of the world; whether they have their existence in opinion or practice, in the theories of men, or in actual life, we must be allowed to speak with all boldness, and without fear or favor. We love to tell plain truths in a plain way; they are better understood. Yet we will speak the truth in love. Others may dogmatize if they will; we shall address the rational faculties in their appropriate language. "Come, now, and let us reason together." It has been said that he who will not reason is a bigot, that he who can not is a fool, and that he who dares not is a slave. We cherish the conviction that our readers are not wanting in the disposition, the ability, or the courage. We approach all subjects with the consciousness that the mind was made to be free; that it is our high prerogative to think for ourselves, and our duty to speak and act for Humanity. The authorities of Church and State may look coldly on, but the MAN can not be indifferent to the claims of his nature. To live like rational beings we must be all attention and action. The true Reformer will labor with a willing and a loving spirit to correct the errors of men and to remove the evils of the world. To live truly we must live in gener-

ous feelings, in holy thoughts, and illustrious actions. The poet has given our idea of life:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
* * * * *
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

A DELICATE ILLUSTRATION.

The Editor of this paper lectured on Sunday morning and evening last at Dodworth's Academy, to intelligent and appreciative audiences. The theme in the morning was, The Redeeming Power of the Beautiful and Spiritual; and, on entering the desk, we found that some unknown friend had furnished a pleasing and appropriate illustration of the subject. It consisted of a large bouquet composed of choice flowers, which some fair hand had tastefully arranged in a porcelain vase, and accompanied the same with a card bearing our own proper name, etc.

Flowers are among the most delicate and suggestive forms of the beautiful; sweet and eloquent symbols are they of much that is unspeakably precious to the soul. We can never be insensible to their influence. In their pure ministry they appeal to the only sense that has never led the human heart astray. By the favor of one unknown, our thoughts on Sunday morning took wing on a perfumed atmosphere. Should they be permitted to fold their pinions in the immediate presence of that person, or in any congenial mind or heart, may they diffuse over the realm of thought and feeling the incense of truth, beauty, and holiness.

Our evening lecture was designed to balance the accounts between Science and Spiritualism.

OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRITS.

Mr. Henry May writes us from Lexington, Michigan, under date of Oct. 14, 1854.

He says about one year since, while he was living in Canada, near London, loud raps occurred on the top of his house, outside and inside, on the doors and in various other places, and that many people came to witness the manifestations. Finally the Spirits told him to move to where he now lives in Michigan, four miles from Lexington. They described the place they wished him to move to, and he found it by their directions, and every thing was just as they had described it to him. He says at this place they rap on fences, boxes, his wagon, well-curb, and all over the house, so as to be heard distinctly twenty rods. Raps in various places often occur simultaneously.

Mr. May's son, ten years of age, is a medium. He never learned to write, but the Spirits take hold of the pen with him, and write with his hand. This boy sees and talks with Spirits, and tells persons present what they say to him. He says he leaves his body sometimes and goes to heaven, and tells what he sees there. He says when he is away from his body his spirit can rap as readily as any other Spirit.

Mr. May says the Spirits sometimes take sticks of wood and pieces of iron to rap with. They play on an accordion which he procured for their use.

The Spirits often bring the Bible to some person present, open it, and take hold of the person's fingers, and point to the verses they wish to have read, and they select hymns in the same manner. Spirit-hands are made visible, and he has felt them all over, and examined them thoroughly.

WILL YOU SEND US THE NAMES?

We have two or three times of late solicited our friends to send us the names and address of those whom they believe are willing to receive and examine a specimen number of this paper, with a hope of more widely disseminating the glorious truths to which it is devoted, and we are sorry that but very few of our numerous subscribers have yet responded to this request. Every one of our readers has acquaintances residing near or afar who would thank them for being instrumental in calling their attention to this paper; at the same time we do not propose to inform such persons who furnish us with their names.

We have been at considerable expense in printing, selecting, and preparing papers to be sent out in pursuance of the above object, and we now have from fifteen to twenty thousand copies in readiness to be disposed of as herein suggested. Shall we have an opportunity to send these papers on their mission? What if your neighbor does not to-day appreciate your motives and efforts in his behalf, he surely will appreciate them when he is more enlightened? Reformers and advocates of new truths do not work for fame. We have the unmistakable evidences of immortality to present—evidences that mortals join hands with Spirits across the grave, and that heart beats to heart in true human sympathy. We should not shrink from proclaiming these glad tidings on account of the frowns and denunciations of friends or foes. We must not be silent before the desponding and broken-hearted, and they who refuse to be comforted; but continue to summon those near and dear ones for whom they mourn to bring the oil of consolation and balm of healing that the heart may be glad in the light and knowledge of immortal life. Reader, lose no time in performing this charity to your neighbor.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT NASHVILLE.

We have received the Nashville *Daily Union and American* of the 20th ult., from which we learn that the Spiritualists of that city have formed a conference similar to the one in this city. The paper referred to reports the deliberations of the meeting convened on the preceding Tuesday evening. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Finn, Lyon, Beckwith, and Freeman, whose remarks were interesting, and calculated to promote inquiry. Rev. Mr. Ferguson, with whom our readers have become acquainted, also addressed the conference with so much ability, that we are constrained to extract the subjoined synopsis of his speech:

Mr. Ferguson remarked, that although he need not attempt a detail of the facts which had led him to his present position, he could not forbear to remind all who called in question the possibility of Spirit-intercourse, of the logical consequences of their denial. If Spirit-intercourse is impossible, he would be glad for any honest man to tell him upon what foundation his faith in any form of religion rested. If Spirit-intercourse is impossible, the Bible, the Koran, the Shaster, all fall without a single proof to hold them up. Our Christian faith is based upon the reality of Spirit-intercourse. Its every fundamental fact and precept claims that origin and none other. True, the Hebrew Scriptures ascribe the illumination of its seers to the "Spirit of God," but whenever they detail the manner of that illumination, it will be found that God spoke to the prophet or apostle through the agency of some subordinate spirit. Thus the law was given through "ranks of angels," and John received the symbols of the revelation from a deceased prophet. He made many other references, and said that to ascribe any thing to God in the Jewish language was only to represent the goodness or exalted nature of the thing thus ascribed, and that when we come to ask how God was the author of any revelation, it will be found that through the line of

spiritual intelligences, down to the prophet who spoke in his name, the communication had been made. Thus we read of "mountains of God," "wine of God," "word of God," as equivalent to very high mountains, very good wine, very wise or necessary words. No man acquainted with the Scriptural usage would deny this. Now if the human mind is the same—if God is the same, why may not any age, any people, or any man have Spirit-intercourse if he comply with the conditions upon which it has ever been enjoyed? No Christian dare deny its possibility and preserve his faith.

Of its probability, it is only necessary to say, that men of every class of the community testify, under any and all circumstances, to its reality, and claim that by every sense of their body and faculty of their mind, they know it to be true. Upon every condition of veracity under which men would expect their friends, their companions, to believe them in any statement, they would have to believe the testimony upon this subject.

The intellectual and moral evidence he considered overwhelming. Treatises upon Philosophy, History, Theology, Law, and Religion had been poured forth from men acknowledged to be illiterate—from little girls and boys—with a rapidity unparalleled. How are we to account for it? He held the evidence of this in his hand, and would present it at subsequent meetings. He would meet any man and compare essays he had received from children and illiterate persons, with the classics, ancient or modern. He longed to see our thinking men accept this proposition and allow the community to judge.

Of the certainty of intercourse with Spirits, every man must satisfy himself, as in every other department of knowledge. It was open to all, free as the air of heaven; and making sacred and eternal every natural tie of life.

He felt to rejoice in the serious and determined purpose manifested in this meeting. He hoped all would feel the responsibilities of their day, and their holy experience. We owe a debt to humanity. We must make our knowledge known. He hoped every man would not shrink to declare what his eyes had seen and his ears had heard, and what had made hopeful and glad every impulse of his heart. Calmly and manfully we must clothe ourselves in the armor of spiritual light, and it will reflect in us the great doctrines of a common brotherhood, a common paternity, and a common destiny.

He ardently desired that love to all mankind, the principle which we know governs the spheres above us, would be our regulating principle in all our meetings and movements, giving us freedom and power such as the world can not resist.

PRESENTATION OF A WATCH TO A. J. DAVIS.

In a late number of the Hartford *Times* we find the proceedings of a recent meeting of the Harmonical Brotherhood in that city, embodying a series of Resolutions passed at said meeting, together with an account of the presentation of an elegant gold watch to A. J. Davis on occasion of his leaving that place. The resolutions express a high regard for Mr. Davis, and a grateful appreciation of his labors in behalf of individual freedom and general harmony. Mr. Davis responded to the Resolutions, acknowledging the gift in a neat and appropriate manner. We extract the subjoined portion of his remarks:

Your token of friendship is wrought from earth's purest metal—a substance which is said to be unchangeable. This fact, so externally significant, is not without its moral. I hope that I shall profit by a suggestion so delicately expressed by you.

And you have presented me with a *Recorder of Time*. This is a startling thought! It will everywhere remind me of the pulsations of Eternity—of the hours, minutes, and seconds as they spread their wings and fly from the empire of life into the realm of death. But this reflection can not disturb or sadden us—for we know that, to our immortals, there is no death; but life—unfolding more and more beautifully as we pass along with the flight of time forevermore.

This Watch will help my soul to keep its vigils day and night. My spirit is deeply impressed with your beautiful Token. In its shining Countenance I shall behold the ever-happy, ever-cheering faces of my Harmonical Friends in the City of Hartford; and its extended Hands will impress me henceforth to remember, with a thrill of unmingled happiness, the familiar grasp of many earnest women and fearless men; who, notwithstanding the oppressiveness of popular prejudices, have stood firmly forth, forming a pioneer phalanx in favor of the Gospel of Nature and Reason.

My soul is joyous, my Friends, because you have given me a gift so significant—one which I shall keep warm with the emanations of my spirit, because everywhere it will be my constant speaking companion—a meter of time; the recorder of each succeeding moment, which I shall be admonished to improve as it passes. It will keep me at my happy work. It will ever sing: "Now's the day, and now's the hour." That terribly sad poet, Robert Pollock, says: "The angel of God appeared in a Statue of fire, blazing, and, lifting up his hand on high * * * score that Time should be no more."

But, notwithstanding the oath of this apocryphal angel, my conviction remains unshaken that Time is Eternal, or, rather, what we term "Eternal," is composed of Time as Drops constitute the Ocean. And constantly, in all latitudes and under all circumstances, your Gift will serve to remind me of this conviction—inspiring me with new efforts for mankind.

Day unto day uttereth speech! We talk of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. What are these but the proper names of the ever-receding, ever-approaching waves of the Ocean of time? Your Token, Brethren, is beautifully symbolical of a hidden prayer, dwelling within each soul, that I may lose no Time in doing all that I, as an individual Brother, can, to break the fetters of Ignorance—to teach the philosophy of our existence—to bring man into fellowship with his own Intuitions and Reason—and, through the benign influence of a rational Spiritualism, to do something toward establishing harmonious relations between the Heavens and the Earth!

THE PURE SPIRIT.—The springs of everlasting life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silver tones of the little rill as it glides along. You may not witness its silent march; but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers—its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty that gather around it. It is thus with the pure spirit. You may not hear its "still, small voice," or heed its silent aspirations; but it has a moral strength and a holy influence that is felt by all around. The wilderness is made to smile in its presence, and flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish forever.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF INDIFFERENCE.—Many a bright flower in the garden of beauty has been doomed to wither and die when the frosts of disappointment and the clouds of adversity have chilled the atmosphere, and shut out the sunshine of love. The more beautiful the flower; the more carefully it has been nurtured and cherished beneath the enlivening rays of friendship, the more fatal will be the transition from the warm atmosphere of kindness, to that of cold indifference and neglect.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

MARRIED.—At Ballston Spa, New York, on the 31st ult., by Rev. R. T. Wade, Mr. A. M. WHITE to Miss LYDIA M. HOWLAND.

JUST ARRIVED.—Mrs. French, of Pittsburg, who is widely known as a remarkable clairvoyant physician and Spirit-medium, is now in the city, and stopping at the Irving House. Mrs. French has Rooms at No. 553 Broadway, where she will receive her friends and those who either desire to avail themselves of her powers as a healing medium, or to investigate the claims of the spiritual phenomena.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—J. H. W. Tooley, of the *Christian Spiritualist*, will lecture at Dodworth's Academy on Sunday, morning and evening, next. The collections to be taken up on that occasion will be given to the Ladies' Humanitary School, under the superintendence of Miss Dow.

REV. T. L. HARRIS lectured at the Sanson Street Hall, Philadelphia, last Sunday morning and evening, and will occupy the same desk on Sunday next.

"THE LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND" is published, but we have no time and space to speak of it in this number.

NOT AT HOME.—Mr. Conklin, the medium, is temporarily absent from the city, and will spend the ensuing two weeks, principally, in Buffalo.

tion of its combination and progression. The law of nature is the law of God.

I have not attempted, in the foregoing, to trace the progress of the world from its first formation up to the result, man; for this has already been done by abler hands, and is no longer a matter of dispute. It is sufficient to know, for our present purpose, that man is a consequence of progression, and not a special, definite creation from new materials. We know him to be more progressed than other forms in nature, because he represents all the primitives of nature, and in degree the quality of every animal, of every plant, of every rock, and as these contains all the primary characters, Nature's epitome.

The Spiritualist believes that to enter the Spirit-world in a progressed condition requires a continual chastening of his evil propensities while in the form, the steady and constant determination to do no evil, to love his neighbor as himself, and to follow the Divine Will as manifested to him in Nature's laws, and as exemplified by the advanced and progressed Spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. He does not believe in special providences, but in the progressive action of natural law. He thinks his whole life should be one prayer of grateful feeling toward the Divine Will, and does not believe that God will make special exception in his favor in answer to his prayer, but that the suppliant is elevated by prayerful exercise, and that his ability to conceive truth is continually increased with every new acquisition producing increased ability.

The above is a hurried account of the impressions made on my mind by the different communications I have received from Spirits, and it will give me pleasure at some future time to continue the subject, so as to embrace the different methods of securing communications, and avoid those apparent contradictions so common with badly organized circles.

—Sacred Circle.

PHENIX.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I received by the last mail a letter from G. W. McCrary, dated Bonaparte, Van Buren Co., Iowa, Sept. 10th, 1854. The writer earnestly solicits a more particular account of the circumstances relating to the facts I communicated to you, demonstrating the truth of *Spiritual Inter-course* as far as my knowledge extends. He readily concedes that if those statements are correct, there can be no room for "the shadow of a doubt." From his style of writing, I gather that he is a person of learning and candor.

Articles for a popular journal should be short and to the purpose. A sense of duty, however, impels me to present before the public a few details connected with the extraordinary manifestations referred to. Questions relating to disputed points in theology were answered by the Spirit of Hosen Ballou, and the answers were so constructed as to convey the impression that they originated from a Divine source. This, you are aware, has characterized all communications of this description. Now admitting this to be a fact, as it really is, what a privilege we have in this glorious day! We may now appeal to the very fountain-head and receive an answer that can not be reversed! There is no need of wandering in darkness in the midst of such effulgent light. He was my counselor when living; he is no less so since he put off the form. To appreciate his excellences, one must be acquainted with his private walk, especially in the family circle. Future generations will place Hosen Ballou among the greatest reformers. He was wise in his instructions and charitable in his reproaches. His memory is enshrined with a halo of glory, and precious to thousands is the balm of his consolation. I was looking for a message from some distinguished or public character, when Stephen Dutton demonstrated his presence by drawing out the Shaker Village. I thought I was well acquainted with the location of the lake referred to, and could not make out that he had drawn the inlet in the right place. The inlet is not, as I supposed, at the head, but about a third of the way down the lake! He also gave in round numbers the squares of glass in one of the buildings, which I have found since to be correct! Whatever views others may take of this subject, I consider this an unanswerable proof in support of the truth of spiritual intercourse.

The communication from Homer was given at another sitting. It is a complete in heroic verse, and conveys one of the most impressive apothegms ever presented to the human mind. I had the impression that Pope was the author of that, but the hand of the medium wrote, "It was borrowed." I have since found this to be a fact, but he never gave credit for it. Plagiarism is hazardous business, if the Spirits of the departed expose it. I was meditating with profound astonishment on the circumstance of his having departed this life more than three thousand years ago, when through the hand of the medium he wrote, "I can communicate as easily as if I had died but yesterday!" A mental inquiry still arose, Why Homer should communicate to me? The answer was, "Because you are an admirer of my works." I have read them perhaps in course a dozen times, and might read them a dozen times with equal zest. When the Spirit wrote *Poetry* as the material used at that ancient period, the medium innocently asked, "What that meant?" *Poetry* was the bark of a certain rush on which the ancients wrote. It is a Greek term, from which the English word *Paper* is taken. I wish you to understand that the first communication with the signature of Homer was in Greek characters—the remainder in Roman, in conformity to my request.

The responses of the Spirits are not, like the Oracles of Apollo, presented in ambiguous terms, nor will they admit of a double meaning. They often carry reproof with instruction. Their tendency is to refine the feelings and elevate the standard of moral purity.

I would advise my learned correspondent to put himself in a position to have these truths made evident to his senses. Should an attested copy of these communications be presented before the world, the opposers will assert that it is only a collection to impose on the credulity of mankind. Second-handed evidence will convince no one. I have known a child that could not read in two syllables, to write a message that could not be equaled by any of the Professors at Cambridge! This, of course, is done under the influence of the Spirit. Why should the clergy oppose these extraordinary operations? They profess to believe what is recorded in the New Testament. They pretend to have great confidence in what is said to have been done two thousand years ago, but will not come into the light of the present dispensation. They have turned their backs to the sun, and, holding in their hands a flickering taper, they denounce unending torture on all who do not admire the brilliancy of their own shadow! The gamut has been thrown, and they have been called upon to enter the list. The truth courts investigation, and in the end is sure to triumph.

The instructions received from the Spirit-world are inconceivably valuable. Many who have devoted their lives to the acquisition of useful knowledge have taken out of the world, while the ignorant are suffered to remain; but we are taught that their powers are called into exercise in a higher sphere. A Hipparchus, a Pythagoras, a Galileo, a Copernicus, a Newton are ranging from star to star and from system to system. By them we are taught that those sparkling diadems that decorate the vault of heaven are peopled with intelligent beings. By this we are led to form the most exalted conceptions of the Divine Author of nature.

Departed spirits assure us that they possess the five senses in the spheres; that they become purified and refined; are identified, and enjoy that reciprocity of feeling and sentiment which is congenial to their progress in the divine life. What delights the eye here would be deformity there. The most curious works of art would wear an uncouth appearance where every thing around is stamped with the impress of perfection. The most animating sounds here would be discordant and inharmonious when compared with the music of the spheres. Odors wafted by western gales from the fields of Arabian spices are like exhalations from the decayed vegetables and stagnant waters of a dismal swamp, when compared with the rich fragrance which emanates from the flowers of Paradise. What is the richest feast here when compared with that which presents itself from the tree of life, whose branches bend with the food of archangels!

Shall the Father of our spirits do all these things for us, and we remain unimproved and impatient? Shall not these sublime views have a salutary effect on our conversation, feelings, and lives? That these may be improved to our advantage, is the sincere desire of

West Buxton, Me.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

INTERIOR MONITIONS.—There are many phenomena that would be scarcely observed by the superficial mind, which seem to intimate that the soul in its interior depths often feels the pressure of important future occurrences, when the outer man is totally unconscious of such movements. This is often evident in the strange and apparently unconscious actions and speeches of persons when on the eve of some calamity or fatal accident. For instance, a distant family connection of the writer, an aged man, was, some months ago, about to depart on a journey. When about to leave home he embraced and took an unusually affectionate leave of his grandchildren. He then went to the depot, which was near by, but soon returned and embraced and kissed the children as before. Again he went to the cars, and again he returned to embrace the children; and so he repeated the form of taking leave several times before the cars started. He had never been known to act in that manner before, and one of his friends observing it, remarked to another that he would probably never return home alive. Accordingly, when about sixty miles from home, he was fatally crushed between two cars at a depot. A similar occurrence lately took place in Williamsburg. A carpenter, one morning before going to his work, affectionately embraced and took leave of his children—a thing which he had never before been known to do. At noon the lifeless body of that same man was brought home, he having been killed by a fall from a building. Neither of these men perhaps was conscious of the *outer* of any gloomy forebodings, and they were made to act as they did by the mysterious movements of the unerring monitor within, which had already foreseen the catastrophes. The catalogue of facts of this kind might be indefinitely extended.

A SPIRIT APPEARING BEFORE THE DEATH OF ITS BODY.—The following is among those well-attested cases which form the most difficult problems of spiritual science. It is published in the "Pocket-book for the Friends of Religion" for 1814, by Jung Stilling, to whom it was communicated, as a personal experience, by Baron von Sulza, chamberlain to the king of Sweden. The Baron relates that having, on one occasion, been on a visit to a neighbor, he returned home about midnight, at which hour, in the summer time, it is so light in Sweden that one can see to read the smallest print. He says: "On arriving at our estate at Dienstord, my father met me before the gate of the courtyard, in his customary clothes, with a stick in his hand which my brother had ornamented with carved work. I saluted him and conversed a long time with him. We then went together into the house, and upon the level floor into the room; on entering which I saw my father, quite undressed, lying in bed, in profound sleep, and the apparition had disappeared. He soon awoke, and regarded me with an inquiring look. 'My dear Edward,' said he, 'God be thanked that I see you again, for I was much troubled on your account in a dream; for it seemed to me that you had fallen into the water, and were in danger of drowning.' The Baron said that he had, on that day, gone to the river with the friend whom he was visiting, in order to catch crabs, and at one time was actually in danger of falling into the stream. He related to his father that he had seen his apparition at the gate, and conversed with it, when the latter replied that a similar phenomenon had often occurred to him. This case favors the idea entertained by some, that the spirit, even during the life of the body, may at times wander forth in its ethereal organism, and appear and act in distant places, forgetting all as it returns and awakes the body.

REMARKABLE MONITIONS.—At a recent spiritual conference, P. B. Randolph, medium and clairvoyant physician of this city, related some facts in his early experience, among which we regard the following as especially remarkable: He said that some eight or ten years ago he followed the sea in the capacity of cabin boy. The captain and mate were severe men, and he was subjected to much abuse from them. On one occasion they had beaten him cruelly and driven him to utter desperation, when he felt an interior impulse to cast himself into the sea and so end his troubles. He ran, for that purpose, toward the side of the vessel, but just as he was about to take the fatal leap he saw the apparition of an arm and hand rising above the water, and beckoning him to go back. He suddenly stopped and nearly fell backward; but after persuading himself that this figure was a mere phantom of the imagination, he rallied for a still more desperate effort, resolving not to be diverted from his purpose that time. As he approached the side of the vessel, however, he saw the whole form of his deceased mother floating above the waves, and this time she addressed him, speaking to his internal hearing and commanding him to desist from his purpose, saying that the time for him to leave the world had not yet arrived, and that there was an important work for him to do in the future. He was thus saved from the suicide's death, and strengthened to endure the insults of his persecutors. In several other instances he had been saved from danger and strengthened under adversity by the interposition of his Spirit-mother.

SPIRIT-LIGHTS AND APPARITIONS.—Mr. James Stott, of Carbondale, Pa., with whom we recently had an interview, related to us the following among other interesting facts of Spirit-manifestations which have lately occurred in that town: A special circle was convoked one evening, in compliance with the previous request of Spirits, the latter promising to give, on that occasion, demonstrations that would satisfy all doubters. After the circle became seated, the medium became entranced, rose from her seat, and requested two skeptical ladies in the circle to follow her. She led them into a bed-room and closed the door, rendering it perfectly dark. They had not been there long before they saw a light descend spirally from the ceiling and rest upon the top of the bed-post. It soon, however, left the bed-post and assumed the distinct form of the head, face, and part of the breast of a child. One of the ladies instantly recognized it as a child which she had lost some time before. So perfect was the recognition, that in the depths of maternal affection she was about to grasp it in her arms, when the medium restrained her. They waited a few moments, when another light descended from the ceiling and extended itself across the bed, and finally assumed a form which the other lady recognized as her sister-in-law, who had passed into the Spirit-world. They gazed upon the two figures for some time, when the latter slowly rose toward the ceiling, and as they ascended gradually approached each other until they finally blended together and disappeared.

SPIRIT-WHISPERS, ETC.—A gentleman on whose word entire reliance may be placed, informs us that he, in company with two other persons, was, a few days ago, in the presence of a certain medium in this city, when the following remarkable occurrences took place: Our informant invoked the presence of his little daughter who has been in the Spirit-world for some time, and she responded to him in an audible whisper. An intelligible conversation ensued, in the course of which the little Spirit-girl, still audibly whispering, asked, "Pa, what have you got in your pocket?" The father answered that he had some candy in his pocket. The Spirit-child asked him to give her some, when holding a piece out in his hand, it was taken from him, when holding a sound as though the child was crushing the candy between her teeth. Shortly after this she asked him for another piece, and after that for still another. The candies were in each instance held out in the hand by the father in a position which rendered it impossible for them to be reached by any living person in the room, and they were in each instance taken out of his hand, and afterward were not to be found. We learn that similar occurrences in the presence of the same medium are not infrequent. It is but just to add that these occurrences usually take place in a darkened room; but with the guards against deception that ingenious skepticism always readily invents in such cases, this fact can scarcely be considered as vitiating the evidence.

CASE OF TRANCE, FROM PLINY.—The elder Pliny, though inclined to Epicureanism, and hence to a denial of the soul's immortality, nevertheless says, in his Hist. Nat. vii. 53: "We find among others an instance that the soul of Hermotimus, of Clazomenae, was wont to forsake its body, and wander about, and by means of its wanderings bring intelligence of many things at a distance, which none could know but such as were present at them, during which his body lay half dead; until his enemies (who were called Cantharites), burnt it, and thus cut off the retreat of the returning soul."

TAUGHT IN A DREAM.—A gentleman of our acquaintance has been shown splendid specimens of embroidery executed by a little girl, and consisting of diverse new and beautiful patterns. Our friend's surprise and admiration of the elegance of the work were greatly increased when he was assured by the girl's mother that she had received the patterns in her dreams, and on awakening copied them.

Original Communications.

I'D HAVE THEE THINK OF ME.

The fair authoress of the following exquisite poem has never given her name to the public journals, but we venture to announce it in this connection. Mrs. HART, as our readers will readily infer, has been accustomed to write in verse. Several of her poems have appeared anonymously, and have attracted our attention on account of their delicate, spiritual beauty. The accompanying lines will be widely read and admired without our indorsement of their merits, but we can not withhold the remark that they exhibit the spirit of genuine Poetry. The images are extremely chaste and expressive, while the versification is remarkably flowing and graceful: A refined perception of the beautiful, purity of feeling and sentiment, and a silent, unconscious strength are the characteristics of the muse as exhibited in Mrs. Hart's poetry.—Ed.

BY MRS. CATHERINE W. HART.

I'd have thee think of me as of a flower,
Bears in life's revel but the smallest part—
Almost as of a Spirit—on whom the light
Of fairer skies has shed a glory bright;
Whose hopes, whose dreams, though once of mortal birth,
Have winged their flight beyond the passing earth.

I'd have thee think of me with the same love
As thou wouldst give to some bright star above,
Which saileth onward through the dark-blue skies,
Yet gazeth on thee with its glorious eyes,
As if to beckon to its holier sphere
Thy spirit, fettered by its earth-loves here.

I'd have thee think of me as of a flower,
Whose life of beauty lasts but for an hour,
On which thy gaze may but a moment rest,
Ere all its brightness fades upon thy breast,
Yet leaves behind a perfume of its own,
Whose sweetest fingers, though the bloom has flown.

I'd have thee think of me as of some bird,
Whose music only in the night is heard—
The solemn night, when all around is still—
And its clear notes thy trembling bosom fill,
Awakening there vague yearnings, dreams divine,
And blessed visions of a fairer clime.

I'd have thee think of me, apart—alone—
When twilight shadows o'er the earth are thrown,
As of those golden clouds which bathe the sky
In rich, warm colors to thy longing eye,
But which will melt into the far-off blue
Of heaven's pure azure, deepening on thy view.

I'd have thee think of me as of a dream—
For I, like that, would to thy memory seem
As something faint and shadowy, yet as bright,
Gliding around thee in the clear daylight,
Haunting thy soul with beauty, strange and rare,
Making thy life seem ever still more fair.

Thus would I have thee think of me, dear friend:
Thus with earth's choicest things my image blend:
Thus would I shed, like them, an essence pure
Upon thy thoughts, forever to endure—
Not asking love by passion's raptures fanned,
But loved as spirit in the Spirit-land.

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT-WORLD?

BY R. H. BROWN.

And I questioned the Spirit and said, Where is the Spirit-world? And the Spirit answered—*Here.* We dwell not in some far-off sphere hanging in the lone depths of space, neither do we wander, as some believe, without a local habitation, homeless in the wide wilderness of the air. Our world is your world; we are dwellers upon earth with the children of men.

And I marvelled and said unto the Spirit, Can it be that the dead ascend not to a higher and more perfect sphere, a world of supernal beauty, a Spirit-land in which the gross and material splendors of earth have no place. Have I but dreamed, when among the silver stars that hang at night above me, I have pictured to myself some fair and distant planet peopled by those bright intelligences who have passed through the dark valley of death, and risen redeemed and purified?

Then said the Spirit, You have dreamed. But listen, and the truth shall be unfolded unto you. There are two worlds, a world within a world, and these two are one. Of the world in which you live, you know nothing. That which you call your world, is but a uniform system of constant appearances, which result from the relations which your senses bear to the real things about you. That which is real is unseen, that which exists is invisible. The seen is an appearance, the unseen and unknown are the truly existing. The mind is unseen, and is only known by the effects it produces; this you will understand; but when I tell you that the same thing is equally true of a stone or a tree, you will not comprehend me. Come, let us analyze the origin of your idea of a tree.

It is derived from your senses; and how from your senses? In no other way than by the effect which the tree produces on your senses. But what is the cause of that effect? You will say the tree, and there lies the error in your philosophy. It is not the tree, it is the relation which your senses bear to the tree. Change that relation by modifying the senses, and the effects produced on them by the tree will change also, but from those effects your idea of the tree is likewise altered.

What is the table on which you write? It rests upon your touch; you can not move your hand freely among its particles, it is solid, it is impenetrable. But does not this idea of solidity arise solely from the relation which the density of your hand bears to the density of the table. Change that relation. Were your bodily organization composed of matter as rare and refined as the invisible fluids, would not this idea of solidity vanish? A wall of brass affords no resistance to the passage of caloric, and were your bodily organization as rare in substance, it would be as easy for you to pass through such a wall as now through the air. How then could the idea of its solidity be conveyed to your senses? And yet the wall of brass would still be the same as before. You are changed, but not the wall. But the change in you, by reversing all your relations to the wall, has changed all your ideas of the wall, therefore the wall itself appears to be changed.

Imagine two beings, each possessed of a material body, human in form, that of the one as dense in substance as your own, but that of the other composed of matter as rare and refined as the invisible fluids. Now the ideas which these two beings would entertain of a mountain would be exactly opposite. To the one it would be solid and impenetrable, presenting an impassable obstacle to his approach; the other could walk through and through it with ease. Each would have (what man foolishly imagines to be) the highest evidence of the truth of his individual idea—the evidence of his senses. But of the really existing mountain neither would have any correct idea at

all. The actual mountain is unseen by both, each perceives but the phantom which results from the peculiar relations which its individual organism bears to it.

Is it not now plain to you that all material things are as invisible and unknown as mind is, and are like it, only appreciated by the effects produced by them upon the senses, and through the senses on the soul? The character of those effects is determined by the relation of the senses to the thing, and from the character of the effect the idea of the thing springs. It follows, that in order to change this world into another, it is not necessary to remodel it, but only to modify or add to the senses of those who dwell therein, thus changing the world's relation to their material organism. Let the only change in the body be one of density. Suppose your Spirit clothed in a body, as rare as the invisible fluids, how strange and unfamiliar would this world appear! A multitude of invisible things would be seen, and many objects now seen would vanish. That which now, ponderous and dense, prohibits your advance, would part before you like the liquid air, and the air itself which, invisible and rare, now almost eludes your senses, would appear more gross and material than the waters. You could walk through space, as now upon the solid earth, and into the bowels of the earth dive, as into the sea. If in addition to a change in the density of your material parts the senses were modified in kind and increased in number, how much more wonderful would be the result! Both your imagination and analysis will fall powerless in the attempt to trace the effects of so stupendous a change. Death wrought such a change in me. But, bear in mind, it was a change in me only—a change of appearances in things only, resulting from the changed relations of my senses to them. There was no change in things themselves, yet, clothed with a multitude of new appearances, to recognize them by their former supposed properties, was impossible. I said when I began, That what you call your world was but a uniform system of appearances resulting from the relations which your senses bear to things about you. Do not these words now seem to embody a great truth? Is it not also plain to you, that "place" is nothing, relation of sense to thing, all. "Place" is only identified by its constant or unchanging features, its present appearance, which corresponds with its remembered appearance. Suppose that as you now sit, such a change in your bodily organization as I have hinted should in an instant take place. Do you not see that you would in a moment be as really in another world as if transported to the most distant of the orbs that cluster in the milky way? and yet you would still continue to occupy the same place, the same abstract portion of space, that you now do. And, moreover, nothing about you would be changed in fact, but in appearance and seeming properties only.

I have now to mention but one single fact, in order to render the words with which I began, We dwell upon earth with the children of men, for there is a world within a world, and these two are one, as plain and clear as the noon-day sun. And this fact is a fact already known to you—a fact which one of old, being influenced of the Spirit, wrote down in these words:

"But some will say, How are the dead raised up? And with what body do they come? Fool, that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other. But God (hath ordained) it a body, as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh, but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and of the terrestrial is another. The sun hath one glory and the moon hath another, and there is another glory unto the stars. And one star differeth from another in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. His body is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

This covers the only supposition made in the whole course of this communication.

All Spirits have a spiritual body—a body, to you, inconceivably rare and refined. It is not only possessed of senses like your own, so perfect as to exceed human imagination, but also enjoys many others of a higher sort which can not be described to you. I have said to you, There are two worlds, a world within a world; this was to attain simplicity of argument. There are not two but seven, and these seven are one, for there are seven orders of Spirits and seven spheres, and these seven are one. Each of these and those therein are normally invisible to those who dwell in the others; but there is a communication between the Spirits of each, even as there is a communication between me and thee who art in the rudimental sphere, which is the entrance unto the seven, albeit that communication in the other six hath a different manner and form. Farewell.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I'M WITH THEE STILL.

BY D. HELEN INGLIAM.

Dear mother, thy quiet home,
Nestled amid the orchard trees,
In Spirit I fly to thee;
And though ye may not see me come,
Yet even as a passing breeze
May not my presence be!

For I can see so plainly then,
Each feature of thy care-worn face
(Thy very thoughts can almost tell),
That verily I seem again
To be in that familiar place
Where memory's treasures dwell.

Again I wander through each room,
That so intensely quiet seems—
So like a constant Sabbath day;
And still they have no air of gloom,
Though many sounds once there, like dreams,
Of late have passed away here.

In sober tones I hear them speak,
Whose glees were tamed in life's young morn;
Upon the floor I hear their tread;
And then I see the blooming cheek
Of the last flower, the youngest born—
God's blessing on his head!

I hear the low and lulling tone
That dwelleth in the old pine tree—
A moan—when'er the wind is high;
And sitting on the threshold-stone,
I hear the song of bird and bee,
Just as in time gone by.

I see the creek that brightly goes—
Meandering 'mid the reedy grass—
As if by some wild fairy led;
I see its bed in half-repose,

Gleaming almost like polished glass,
Glide 'neath the bathing-shed.

And if sometimes with joyful wings,
My roving thoughts fly homeward then—
Back to my pleasant prairie-nest,
To dwell amid far different things—
Still in their weariness, again,
They turn to thee for rest.

FORT DESMOINES, August 29.

THE QUESTION OF A FIRST CAUSE.

MR. EDITOR:

Your issue of September 9th contains a deeply interesting article from the pen of Charles H. Cragin, M. D., which, with your permission, I would like to question. "The Material and Spiritual Worlds—what we really know," is the subject under consideration.

However much of truth the article of your able correspondent may contain, does he not lay himself open to criticism in this assertion found in his fifth paragraph: "I can not stop to detail all the intuitive axioms that underlie all our modes of revealing ourselves in feeling, thought, and action; but say, at once, that by the intuitive perception that nothing can be without a cause for it, we next, after knowing that we ourselves are, know that a Great First Cause is—that God is."

Do you observe any inconsistency in the statement made, in this passage which I have quoted? If not, allow me to attempt to point it out. Perhaps, however, I may be mistaken, and none really exists. If there does not, then I would be most happy to be rectified in my error, and be undeceived, for really I can not perceive the consistency of these two assertions, "Nothing can be without a cause for it," "a Great First Cause is." Now, in my ignorance, I would inquire in all simplicity, If "nothing can be without a cause for it," how can there be "a Great First Cause?" You may consider this a very simple question, and unworthy of your attention; but allow me to reason a moment. If nothing this side of God can exist without a cause, nothing the other side or beyond him can exist without a cause. You say there is nothing beyond him, he is "a Great First Cause!" So says your correspondent. Then it seems that he supposes, even after having made the first assertion, "nothing can be without a cause for it," that the greatest of all "nothings," the something, the God of all, is "a First Cause." He can not "really know" it, for if nothing can be without a cause, how can there be any First Cause? Can there be a cause without a cause? Can there be a cause without something to produce that cause? Then what do we mean by our "First Cause" of which we all speak so confidently?

I would ask Bro. Cragin in his own language, "What do we really know" about this "First Cause?" Is there any first cause? Can there be any first cause? If so, there must have been a beginning, and consequently may be an end. Now I will not make any assertions, for I am an ignorant thinker, but allow me to remark that a self-existent cause can not exist, according to the statement above quoted. Then where is this self-existent cause, this "First Cause," up to which we drive all conclusions and there bury them, and into which we center all our causes, if there is no causeless cause?

This is a point worthy of investigation, in my humble opinion, by those who assert the impossibility of self-existence in man, in matter, because a greater must exist from which man and matter must be formed or created, and then suppose (for they do not "really know") that this greater, this producer, may be or must be self-existent, when from their own reasoning the greater the produced, the greater impossibility of its being self-produced.

Following out this reasoning, then, it must be as much greater an impossibility for God to be self-existent or his own creator, as he is greater than his numerous works! Now where shall this querying end? Who is this God? What is this "First Great Cause," which seems to be a sort of starting-point from which so many minds diverge as a center, and converge as a center. We run ourselves up to an unknown something beyond which our feeble comprehension can not pass, and then, as if by an implied compact, call it "first." Is not that limitation? It exists in the human mind, and there only! As the human mind advances, will it not find that this first that was is not the first that is, and that it is but a relation to another cause still beyond, itself being but the effect of a preceding cause, and this the effect of a preceding, and so on, to a height and depth which no mind can measure or number, conceive or imagine?

Let me not be misunderstood. I am in no criticising mood, but what do we really know, I would again inquire? Stretch the mind to its utmost extent, and it then but beholds worlds on worlds of thought unexplored. Is not this a sufficient reason to lead us to suppose that that "First Great Cause" of which we speak, nowhere is, except in the human mind, and that when we arrive where we thought it to be, it lies as far as when we in the first attempt, opened our eyes to gaze? Where lies this mighty cause, except behind undeveloped mind which penetrates not the successive causes of causes, and the effects of those causes? Will not the growth of mind alone reveal those hidden causes, and as it rises in stature will it not open unto itself its own treasures buried in its ignorance, and contained within its own increasing powers?

The mind is its own God! It can have no possible conception of a higher First Cause than is unto itself developed. It makes its own God! Its own idea of a First Cause is on a plane no higher advanced than is its idea of spiritual numbers! If it be high itself, then will this first to which it raises its eye be correspondingly high, and as it rises so will this First rise before it, so that it is a relative sight only, and can never be reached. How then, I would again inquire, can there be any first to the human mind really?

But I would not argue the point, but merely suggest that we all endeavor to seek for ourselves a first cause, beyond which we may rest assured we may ever discover another first, leaving the first first a secondary, while the second first must in its turn give way to a third first, and so on indefinitely while eternity is, or progression remains to be progressed through. Excuse the phrase, Mr. Editor, for since eternity is and ever was, cause is and ever was, and since God is and ever was, there can be no God without a God, or as you have it previously rendered, there can be no cause without a cause, or "nothing can be without a cause for it."

Let me entreat you to lay aside all prejudice and play upon ambiguous terms, and examine the subject candidly, and fail not to observe the distinction between the two clauses of the same sentence, "Nothing can be without a cause," and, "a Great First Cause is." I would direct the mind of the public to this subject, which has of late so occupied my mind, and which I have so long desired to see treated of in the way of questioning the possibility of a First Cause, but which I have not had an opportunity to do, till the article of your correspondent seemed to give the occasion. Trusting that I shall be excused for my endeavor to relieve my own mind, and also for the desire to direct the minds of others to an important item of Spirit-thought, I submit these imperfect remarks to your consideration, feeling that you will make a wise disposal of them; and humbly acquiescing in your decision, I shall ever continue to labor in the common cause of Universal Truth, whether my humble efforts are received or rejected.

I close by wishing thee God-speed in every good word and work.
Thine for Humanity,
E. E. GIBSON.

Springfield, Sept. 11th.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL INVENTION.

BROS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

The world has, latterly, been indebted to Bro. J. REHN, at present chairman of the Harmonical Benevolent Association of Philadelphia, for a valuable improvement in Photography, or the Art of taking Likenesses, etc., by the Camera. It is peculiarly appropriate for a Spiritualist to perfect the science of picture-taking, by the use of Heaven's best gift to man—LIGHT. And this Bro. Rehn seems to have done effectually.

He denominates his improvement the AMBROTYPE. The picture, instead of being taken on a silver plate, as is usual in the Daguerreotype, is impressed upon glass. It is much more clear and distinct than in the Daguerreotype, and can as easily be seen and examined from one point of view as another, which is not the case in Daguerre's method. The picture, moreover, is imperishable, unfading; the chemical process being such, that the impression itself consists, as it were, of pure silver, without any alloy of mercury, as is the case in the Daguerreotype. It is also effectually sealed against the admission of air. This department of the invention, I believe, is to be attributed to Mr. James A. Cutting, 49 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

When seen through the stereoscope, the Ambrotype appears to stand out like a living figure to the eye of the observer, giving in the most

impressive manner the very image of the person or object represented. All desirous of a good picture will find themselves fully satisfied by a call at the office of Bro. Rehn, 128 Arch Street, Philadelphia, or at that of Mr. Cutting, at Boston, as above.

On the occasion of our recent visit to Philadelphia we had an opportunity to examine some specimens of Mr. Rehn's pictures, and have no hesitation in saying, that they are decidedly superior to any pictures—taken by any similar process—which we have ever seen.—Ed. TELEGRAPH.

THE MELODY OF NATURE.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

Creation sings!—the worlds rejoice,
As with their deep, melodious voice
They fill immensity.
Vast suns grow vocal as they shine,
And through the silent sky
They pour an utterance divine.

If Darkness veils the weary earth,
And stills the sounds of joy and mirth
Mid scenes of revelry;
The gloom awakes the Harp of Heaven,
And tones of melody
To all the shining stars are given.

Yet list!—no outward sense may know
What streams of gentle music flow
Throughout infinity—
The voice of Silence thrills the air
With sweetest harmony,
And makes the music breathing there.

In human hearts regenerate,
Redeemed from pride, and lust, and hate,
There is a temple-soul,
Where echoes from Creation's lyre
Shall ever swell and roll,
Like billows of immortal fire.

THE SPIRITS AND SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

SPIRITUAL DRAFT, 83 DOCK STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7, 1854.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Sir—I accidentally discovered this morning a confirmation of a spiritual message to which you may think it worth while to give publicity. In a book entitled "Epitome of Spirit Intercourse," by Alfred Critch, of Canada, writing medium, Boston, 1854, on page 73 occurs the following account of a message from

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"In Halifax, N. S., February, 1854, I asked any Spirit present to communicate through raps. Sir John Franklin was given, my hand was controlled, and the following received:

"The cause of our failure was a season which set in with unusual severity, at an earlier period than usual. The indifferent manner in which our provisions were packed spoiled many of them, and compelled me to detach too large a party to hunt, so that we could not prevent the ships being crushed by ice. Thus driven from our refuge, all who had not previously been drowned or died of hardship perished from the combined effects of cold and hunger. Had it not been for the defective qualities and fastenings of the provisions, we should not have been jammed up, as there would have been no necessity to have hunted until we were in a locality more favorable for the purpose.

"The result of our operations was the discovery of a large tract of open water near the North Pole. Our further progress was stopped by a barrier of ice about three miles wide etc."

The accounts lately published of the discovery of Sir John Franklin, agree in the main, with those received by the medium nine months previous.

"In the spring of 1850, a party of whites amounting to about forty, were seen by some Esquimaux, traveling southward over the ice, dragging loads with them. By signs, the natives were made to understand that their ships had been crushed by ice, and that the whites were now going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom, except one officer, looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and they purchased a small seal from the natives. At a later date the same season, their bodies were discovered, with every indication of their having perished from famine."

This last account was first published to the world in the Montreal Herald of Oct. 21st, 1854. The exact date of the publication of the book containing the spiritual message I have no means of ascertaining. The coincidence is very perfect, and I see no rational way of accounting for it but upon the spiritual theory.

TEACHINGS BY A. J. DAVIS.

Springfield, Nov. 4.

Mr. Davis' engagements for the present are as follows:
Boston, - - - - - 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 19th.
Natick, - - - - - 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, and 26th.
Lowell, - - - - - 28th, 29th, 30th Dec. 1st, and 3d.
If the friends in the above localities will please make the necessary preparations, all further notification from Mr. Davis may be dispensed with. New Era, and friendly papers in Boston, please copy.

In compliance with the invitation of sundry citizens of Worcester, Mass., A. J. Davis will impart a course of Harmonical Teachings at Horticultural Hall.

First discourse, Monday evening, "The Question of Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern."

Second, Tuesday evening, "The World's Estimate of the Marriage Relation; with a Review of the regulating Law of this relation."

Third, Wednesday evening, "The Uses and Unity of Marriage; or, how to avoid the Transient and secure the Permanent Union."

Fourth, Thursday evening, "The Attractions of different Temperaments; with a discourse of the Science of true Marriage."

Fifth, Friday evening, "Internal Evidence of true Marriage; or the Natural test."

Sixth, Sunday morning, "The Social Responsibilities of Marriage—reviewing Henry C. Wright, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Dr. Nichols, Horace Greeley, etc., on the Rights and Wrongs of Divorce."

Seventh, Sunday evening, "On the Relations existing between Modern Spiritualism and a higher Order of Society and Governments."

BURYING ALIVE.—A paper was read before the French Academy of Sciences, in which the following extraordinary instance was adduced as a reason for abolishing the present custom of burying so soon after death:

"A young female had been twice pronounced dead, when only in a trance, but had recovered in time to prevent being buried alive. A third trance came on, and in consequence of what had previously occurred, permission was obtained from the constitutional authorities for the body to remain above ground so long as decomposition should not take place. A week—ten days passed away—there was still no decomposition; but all the medical men declared she was dead, and at length she was laid in a coffin. Only a few minutes before the coffin was to be nailed down, and while the bell of the village was already tolling for the funeral, a female from an adjoining village, who had been a schoolmate of the supposed deceased, came to take a last farewell. She stooped to kiss the lips of her departed friend, and remained in that position for some time. The by-standers attempted to remove her, lest her emotions should be injurious to her. She waved them away with her hands, and remained in that position, with her lips upon those of her deceased friend, and breathing, as it turned out afterward, the warm breath of life into her lungs. At length she exclaimed: 'She lives,' and then rising from the body she pointed out unequivocal signs of life. She then stated when she was kissing her friend she felt her breath, and in a few minutes was convinced of that fact. The female who was supposed to be dead was taken out of the coffin and placed in a warm bed, and in the course of a few hours fully revived. She stated that she was, during her trance, fully sensible of all that was passing around her, and she even heard the death-bell toll, but was utterly incapable of speech or sign to show that she was not dead."

Interesting Miscellany.

JESUS AND THE POOR.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

I know that face. Oftentimes, in the silence of the night, it has come to me, in my room, shone into my soul with its deep eyes, and baptized me with the blessings of its pale white forehead.

I love that face. For in the hair, that, mingling black and purple in its hues, falls wavyly aside from the brow, in the serene arch of the eyebrow, the eternal starlight of the eyes, in the lip moving at first in a smile of unapproachable sadness, and melting away into a Love, beautiful as the daybreak of a summer morn, there is something that stills the heart, and murmurs, "Peace" forevermore.

Many—many years ago that Face appeared above the hill-top of a far distant land; and while the sky was purple and gold, in the serenity of the evening hour—as the palm quivered its broad leaves high in the flushed azure, and the blessings of sunset lay upon the waves of Galilee—beautiful women came forth from the huts of the poor to look upon those eyes; and rude men, blasted in the hands and in the brow by hopeless Toil, knelt like little children in their divine light.

How that Face was loved by the Poor in the olden time—how it came, day after day, to the dark home of Poverty, and lighted it up with a blessing that never grew dim!

How it shone into the Convict's cell, and baptized his chains with a warm, golden light, fresh from the Heaven of God!

How I love to follow that Face; even along the hot and dusty road, when the fiery tropical sun streams down upon the white brow—even yonder, on the mountain-top, at dead of night, when the stars behold stars as beautiful in the lake which ripples beneath their smile, and those lips move in prayer, and "Our Father" breaks on the serene midnight air. Nor do I turn my gaze away when the Face weeps its bloody tears in Gethsemane, and the agony of a soul writhes in every feature—for those tears fall for Man, the victim of unutterable wrongs, and they will fall for thousands of years, the holiest baptism of the Poor. They will fall until the Face has done its mission, and the baptism hallowed the heart of Man, wherever he grovels or writhes, whether in the chained workshop of a barbarous civilization, or in the hot fields of a slavery that has no hope.

On that day when the Universe was hung in black—hung with the terrible drapery of God's anguish for his people, the Poor—for the wrongs which Priest and King had heaped upon the necks of the Millions, through the long, black night of ages—I love to go up to Calvary, thread the pathway that winds among ten thousand prostrate forms, and look upon the Face, as the last pang trembles there, and the agony of a Soul breaks forth in that sublime death-song:

"Eloi! Eloi! Lama sabachthani!"
 For amid the pangs that rend the Face, I see a smile of Hope that is eternal, bloom into light, even amid the convulsive throes of that Divine Despair—"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" I hear the deep chant of a Deathless Faith, saying forever to you, to me, to us all—"THE SPIRIT OF JEHOVAH IS UPON ME, TO PREACH GOOD TIDINGS TO THE POOR!"

The Face lives now, and goes beaming among dark huts, as it beamed in days of old. It comes at dead of night, and looks upon the slumbering City; and, believe me, its tears fall afresh—for that vast Brotherhood of Toil, who for six thousand years, have had one horrible liturgy chanted to them by priests and burned into their hearts by the fiery sword of kings—"Toil and Die—Toil and Die—Toil and Die!"

And in answer to this horrible liturgy, the Face murmurs, as it shines in the loathsome huts of the city; it murmurs but four words, that shriek like a knell to priests and kings, like a still, small voice from the lips of God to the miserable Brotherhood of Toil, "JESUS AND THE POOR!"

Those words pierce the pestilential alleys of the Large City—that Levathan of mad luxury and writhing wretchedness; they are heard in the loathsome kennels where starvation, leprosy, and rags sweeter in one infernal embrace; they go down to the lowest ditch of misery, to the meanest outlet of barbarous civilization, and say: Brother, arise, for the cup of my People, the Poor, is filled to overflowing. Its bitterness, deepened by tears and blood, will soon be poured forth upon the oppressor who filled it. The night of ages is passing, brother, and the day of God is near!

That Face glides up the dismal gibbet-steps, and palsies the Guilty Preacher, even as he stands blessing the Hangman's Rope, and says to him, "JESUS AND THE POOR!" It is one of my people whom you are about to choke to death in my name. Stand aside, Pharisee, and let me, as the rope falls from this poor outcast's neck, let me forbid the banners of this unholy marriage which you have proclaimed; this marriage of God Almighty's Gospel with the Devil's Gibbet!

Sometimes this Face glides into those gorgeous churches which start up at every corner of the Great City, mocking the daylight with their proud columns, their cold marble faces, while side by side with them looms the black jail and grins the Leper's Almshouse.

I dare not follow that Face when it glides into the Fashionable Church. I have not the courage. The Fashionable Church, where pews are bought and sold like dry goods and copper stock, where the gold Communion Cup seems filled to the brim with the tears of the wretches whose chilled lips it can never touch; where the white-marble altar for the rich man only brings to mind the Black Gibbet erected in yonder jail-yard for his starved victim; where the silks and satins, velvet cushions, gold-clasped Bibles, and preacher dressed in soft apparel, only forces before my eyes those ten thousand Heathens of a Large City, who have no Preacher, no Church, no Bible, no Bread, no God! Nothing but rags and misery, the jail and the gibbet here; and nothing hereafter but the flames of a never-dying Hell.

No—I have not courage to follow the Face into the Fashionable Church, and see the scorn which would be flung into its divine eyes, were the lips to murmur—only once—"JESUS AND THE POOR!"

Is there no music in that phrase?

Can it be that there is in this Large City one heart so withered by luxury, so rotten with the canker of the Pharisee, as not to throb and swell at the deep music of those words? Then why these splendid churches and dismal jails, these marble altars and leper's kennels crowded together in one infernal contrast?

What soul so base as to separate these words, joined together by Almighty God?

Why need I speak to you from the silence of my room? I that am no preacher, and have my forehead free from anointing oil and apostolic hands—when these four words are in themselves a Poem, a Sermon, a Prayer, a Revelation shining down from God into the soul!

JESUS AND THE POOR!

Let us go through the Large City and behold those scenes which would meet the eye of the Lord Jesus were he to come back to earth again in bodily form, and walk our streets as once he walked the dusty roads of Palestine.

Come with me—from your comfortable chamber, where the smile of Home glows in your face; come, rich man, from your bed of down, for I have seen to show you that man who may wake your heart to thought. Come, my good friend, the Preacher, let me lead you from your study, where you sit enthroned amid Dead Creeds, yourself but an embodied creed, choked up among rotten Sophistries and Theologies, that are only venerable because their hideous mummy-features are covered with the dust of a thousand years.

Come! Come: leave off quarreling for a little while about the shapes of gowns and the fashions of altars, and go out with me into that dark world which lies writhing in wickedness and wrong, among those millions who go down to death, while you sit in your chair, calmly splitting Theological hairs into nine parts, nine times told.

Here I have seen to show you, and dreams to dream with you, that may bring home to your soul that still, small voice, which saith—"JESUS AND THE POOR!"

Now, my friend, let me ask you to go with me on a short and solemn journey.

Come with me, out yonder, to the north-west.

Lo! A magnificent temple—a mountain of carved and pillared snow—towers up into the sky.

It is beautiful, this immense Form of Marble, and the serene air of ancient Greece invests its white pillars, and freshens in every sculptured capital.

We enter that temple; ah! how dark, how cold, how gloomy these arching chambers! Chambers! No; they are vaults—grave vaults; and this is a Tomb, a magnificent place of coffins and skulls. The Mausoleum of some dead warrior, a marble shrine for some poor Mummy of Glory.

We roam through these dark vaults, we ascend the stairs of this Mammoth Sepulcher, we go softly along these dark rooms—hark! our foot-steps echo like thunder-claps around us! Through the rough boards, nailed along yonder window, faint glimpses of moonlight break into the thick darkness of this vault.

And there, in this darkness, walking along this floor of stone—gliding to and fro—we behold a dim, ghostly figure. It comes into the moonlight! It is the figure of an old man—an old man whose face is seamed with wrinkles, whose solitary eye glares with a pale, dead light as he walks to and fro, uttering a low, deep, monotonous moan, wringing his hands and beating them against his breast.

This is a strange sight—an old man, plainly dressed, his face wrinkled, his solitary eye glaring glassy light, as he walks in this Mammoth Sepulcher, wringing his hands, beating his breast, uttering that low, deep moan that makes your blood run cold.

We approach the old man. While his anguish chills us, and his solitary eye gleams its fire—so glassy—into our hearts, we gather courage and speak to him.

"Old man, tell us, why do you wander here, so lonely at dead of night, wringing your hands and beating your breast?"

He is silent. The moonlight through the crevice plays over his features, writhing in silent anguish. Again he glides on his solitary watch, and suddenly turning, whispers with his white lips:

"I toiled—I toiled for a long life to gather gold—my name was known wherever there was the face of civilized man—my ships whitened every sea. Through the long years of half a century I toiled—and toiled to gather gold. Did I gather the wealth for myself? or for those relations who had seen me, in hunger, darkness, cold, when an Orphan Boy—and seen without one drop of pity? Or, was it but to swell a guilty wealth into a proud eminence of Power and Wrong?"

"No! No! But for those children of Toil, who might be left, as I had been, to the cold mercies of a heartless world! I felt the wrongs of the Poor—I felt that the Declaration of Independence had only begun its work—I felt that that work would not even be commenced until a New Generation should arise, who, thoroughly educated in their great destiny, should go forth the Apostles of the Republic! I had been an Orphan—I knew the horrors of the orphan's life, the accumulated wrongs, the hard cruel, and the merciless blow which the Poor the orphan's heritage. Therefore I gathered gold to build a plain structure, where—not the proud-proud darlings of wealth, nor the pampered children of Aristocratic Pride—but the Orphans—these Wards of Almighty God—should be reared to manhood and virtue, in that solemn Cathedral of the Poor—the Common School-house!"

"With this wish, this resolve on my lips, I died—for you see, I am this night come from the grave—the grave dust is on my brow—these threads, fluttering from my limbs, are but the fragments of a shroud—I am come from my grave to look upon the Orphan's School-house. Here I am in search of my Orphans—here, oh, my God, pity me! here where I expected to find that New Generation, I find only this Mammoth Tomb. My Orphans—my Orphans, oh, God! where are they?"

And as we look in mute wonder, the old man beats his breast again, again wrings his hands; again that low, deep, freezing moan.

The moonlight falls in dismal radiance through the crevices of yonder window; the silence, the gloom of this marble vault, strikes you with a chilling awe. You essay to comfort the Miserable Ghost with words like these:

"But, old man, is not this a pretty college—an ornament to the city—look! What splendid chambers are these—look! Through that crevice in the boards which inclose that window, look and behold the towering lines of pillars! It is altogether Grecian, I assure you, old man, this Temple; something between a Temple erected to Jupiter and a Mausoleum built over the carcass of a Persian satrap—"

"My orphans—my orphans—where are they?"

"But, old man, let us reason this matter together! You remember by your Will you forbid the entrance of Priests and Preachers into your college wall; you even forbid the Bible entering here. Now you know our city councils are pious men—you shook their deep religious sensibility—they were afraid the morals of the poor orphans might be corrupted—so, you see, they resolved to balk your unholy purpose; they determined that not one beggarly Orphan should ever have the chance of being corrupted here—they built a Tomb instead of a School-house!"

"Did I forbid the entrance of Priest, Preachers, and the Bible? It was not because I did not believe that the Ministry of the Gospel is the holiest office on earth; not because I did not believe that the Bible is the best of all books; but because I knew that there are bad men—legions of atrocious hypocrites—who only assume the name of Preacher, who only profess to love the Bible in order to creep into fat stations in pulpits and in Colleges, and turn those holy words, 'Jesus and the Poor,' into 'Religion our stock in trade.' Therefore I thought it best to leave these orphans to what church or doctrine they pleased, out of the College; to read what they liked, believe what they liked, go to what church they liked; but in my college—I vowed a solemn oath—should never flap its wings like that Vampire of the Heart—Religious Dissension!"

The old man raises his hands in the moonlight, and a world of earnestness shines from his glassy eyeballs.

"Oh, old man! it is such a pity you did not explain yourself fully to our Councils, for they are pious men. You shocked their Moral consciousness—their love of order; upon my word you did! They did not want to build a school-house where raged, beggarly little orphans might be corrupted into a Legion of Infidels, who would not believe in wholesale Robbery, though it was done by chartered Banks—nor in burning churches, though it was accomplished by holy Protestant hands. They did not want to waste your money—they had no desire to feed their favorites on your hoarded wealth—or spend it in dark corners, doing deeds that they would be ashamed to look in the face in broad day, oh, no! oh, no! They spent your money in such a way that the whole world might look at it; they built a Tomb, a splendid Sepulcher, full of chambers, and stairways, and pillars—pillars within and pillars without! For you see they are considerate men—are our Councils!"

Even while we are speaking to the old man, his head droops—something like a tear glitters on his glassy eyeball. He is counting the years that have elapsed since his death—

"They might have finished my school-house in two years—and now I have been dead—one—two—three—oh, so many years—so many that I can not count them! and my orphans, my orphans—oh, good God, where are they?"

"Come, old man, come up this dark stairway; up this frame staircase, hung on the north end of the building; come out hither on the roof of the college."

"Look, what a splendid sight!"

"Philadelphia, the Levathan of luxury and crime, slumbers at your feet. It is beautiful by day, old man; but now, by night, when the moon is sailing in the sky, to behold Philadelphia stretching away at your feet, the broad Delaware flowing there, until his waves mingle with the Schuylkill, yonder; to see the distant hills, far, far, yonder, melting into the blue of the sky—oh, it is a beautiful sight!"

But not upon the wide waste of roofs, nor the massive mound of Fairmount, the sheathed Schuylkill, rising and gleaming to the right. But not upon that great Forest of land, with the Shot-tower, the State-House steeples, and some dozens of churches, towering over all; nor upon the bosom of the glittering Delaware, or even the far, far-off hills of Brandywine, seen there in the dim, blue distance; not upon these sights of beauty turns the old man's eye!

No! He stands there, on the roof of the college. Oh, that blood-freezing moan again!

"My orphans! My orphans! Oh, God! where are they?"

And, as if in answer to his call, look here, a fearful, ghastly band—they come.

Look! rushing forward in the moonlight air—they come, in all the terrible drapery of rags and crime!

They burst from the walls of the Penitentiary yonder; yes, from the Almshouse; up the broad Delaware, from the isles of the sea—they come, O God! in misery, and rags, and lameness—in chains they come.

And this pale, ghastly band, now thronging over the roof of Girard College—these, these are thy Orphans, Stephen Girard!

"Look here—this Pirate clutching thy feet, old man; this dark-drowed ruffian, with chains on his wrists; this is an Orphan, Stephen Girard!"

"Or, turn your gaze—this Murderer, with the gibbet's rope dangling from his neck—this Murderer, who to-night has come down from that gibbet to answer thy call; this Murderer, with the tint of death upon him, the ghastly light of death in his eye—this horrible shape clutching thee by the hand—this is thy Orphan, Stephen Girard!"

"Look again—to the right! This mass of rage and disease, and lep-

rosy and starvation, scattered here over the roof of Girard College; this band of robbers and pirates, and beggars and murderers, pressing around you, looking at you—at you, old man—with their speechless eyes; these are thy Orphans, Stephen Girard!

"These might have been virtuous, and honorable, and educated men—ornaments to their Country and the name of Man; these were robbed of that education, sent to the isles of the sea—to the almshouse the jail, the gibbet—because a Corporation, corrupt and rotten to the heart, and supported in their Guilt by the Public Opinion of a Coward Priest and Pharisaical Pulpit, wished to build a Tomb instead of a School-house—an immense Marble Pill, which shall glare for ever, over the City, a carved Monument of that City's degradation and shame!"

The old man, with the cements of death flapping about his form, does not answer us, but, walking among the dismal band of summoned orphans, he examines this Pirate's chain, feels yon Murderer's disfigured neck:

"While the Corporation built this Tomb, you came to this"—rattling the chain—"and you to this"—placing his finger on the disfigured throat.

Then, rising in the moonlight, on the roof of this Marble Sepulcher, he spreads his hands over the Great City, in its slumber.

"I can see"—you hear his sad voice—"some ten or more churches, that were mainly built with my money. I saw long piles of splendid edifices, that were bequeathed by me to yonder city, and which bring to its Treasury, year after year, an accumulating store of Gold. Have I not done some little Good to Philadelphia? Was it a crime in me to devote part of my wealth to those outcasts of Philadelphia civilization, the Orphan Poor? Why should the Reverend Clergy oppose me, and heap such bitterness upon my grave, and write volumes against my INFIDEL COLLEGE? Infidel—to feed the Orphan! Infidel—to teach the ignorant! Infidel—to rescue, from the dens and ditches of Philadelphia, those outcasts, who must be fed, clothed, educated, or they will feed and clothe themselves with Murder, and become thoroughly educated at—THE GIBBET'S FOOT!"

He paused a moment; again those writhing hands:

"If this be INFIDEL, then was the Lord Jesus, whom they preach, an INFIDEL!"

Along the marble roof he slowly walks, muttering strange words, as he fixes his cold, dead eyeball on the far-extending roofs of Philadelphia.

"They have all the Colleges in the Union, these Reverend Men, where boys grow up in Creeds; and every Creed hates fervently its Brother Creed, and every Sect looks with envy on its Fellow Sect. I wished to rear a College where Toil should be made holy by education, and only one Religion be taught—LOVE TO MAN IS LOVE TO GOD. But these Reverend Men, if they speak to the Mass at all, only speak through the fiery throats of their different creeds. Behold some of the fruits of these beautiful Creeds!"

As he spoke, he waved his hands; and at once, from Kensington and the City, arose the smoke and flame of a Burning Church. Those separate columns of smoke floating over the City's roof are mingled in one awful cloud, which is pierced by separate pyramids of flame—the Cross of Jesus glittering high over all, ere it sinks in darkness!

The sad words of that Ghost are in our ears, when the College, the Orphans, the City, wrapped in cloud and flame, melts from our view.

On whom does the Face beam with its most divine smile?

On that one-eyed old man, who devoted the immense hoards of his wealth to the education and nourishment of the Greatest Orphan Poor—that great class of wretches who are flung upon the horrible mercies of the Great City, with no eye to watch over them but God!

Or, upon that Corporation which delayed the building of the College, for sixteen years after his death, thus leaving one generation of outcasts to ripen as they might, into virtue if so it chanced, but more certainly into robbers and murderers, candidates for the Jail and the Gibbet!

The Corporation, which expended nearly two millions of dollars in building a marble tomb, which never can be applied to the purpose of a school-house; two million dollars for carved pillars and grave vaults, all finished in pure Grecian Style, while a Generation were left to starve and steal and die! That Corporation, which having grown old in outrages upon the will of the dead man—squandered his immense wealth in miserable investments and direct fraud—is now hesitating ere it takes the last plunge of infamy, and introduces sectarian Priests and sectarian Creeds into the walls of the Orphans' college!

Just look at the case, my friends, and ask with me, whether this City has not been terribly paid for its outrages upon the dead—the cowardly fraud upon the Orphan Poor—by some dozen bloody riots, in which houses, and hall, and churches were laid in ashes, and the gutters flooded with human blood!

You must take care of the Outcasts of the Great City, or they will take care of you. You must do something for them, or they will do something for your city, your homes, your throats. You must either build school-houses, declare the rights of the laborer sacred from the lash of the monopolist, or you will have to swell your jails, and cover your streets with a rich harvest of black gibbets.

Here we have this Stephen Girard—a plain man, with a brown, wrinkled face, lighted by one eye, an unpretending manner, a French accent—going along the streets of the Great City, looking upon its luxury and its starvation, its fine apparel and its rags, its horrible contrasts of enormous wealth and starving wretchedness.

The face shines into that unpollished Frenchman's heart. He is not learned in creeds—does not care much about Geneva, or Rome, or Westminster—but cares for something higher—Man. This rude man—lighted by the Face, which murmurs forever "Good tidings to the Poor," resolves to devote his enormous wealth, acquired by the toil of a century, to those Children of Jesus, the outcast orphan poor, who, in the Large City, have but one path before them, a dreary, blasted way of nakedness, starvation, hunger, and cold, and crime, with a black Future in the distance—a Gibbet looming over a Felon's grave.

This resolve is not made a matter of ostentation by Stephen Girard. It is in his heart. It is soul of his life. It brings tears to his eyes, when, secluded with some chosen friend—like the virtuous William J. Duane—he speaks of the Orphans, of his plans for their redemption.

He dies, leaving his Will, in which his plans are so plainly marked-out, that none but a Scoundrel or a Fool could mistake them; those plans ending in one great idea—A School-house, large and comfortable, for the orphan poor; and two million dollars, and more, to build the school-house, and feed, and clothe, and educate, the Orphans of all time.

"Would it be believed, that in a Christian City, where Churches and Preachers are as plentiful as Creeds in a Theological Convention, this man's will was trampled upon, his plainest provisions violated, nearly two millions squandered in building a Sepulcher, which bids fair to stand for a thousand years, at once a Monument over the Orphans who have died in the street and rotted in the jail, and an eternal Marble Image of the Large City's shame."

Can this be! O, Serenely Awful Face, that wept such bitter tears for the Poor, in Gethsemane, in the ages long ago, now gaze upon their wrongs in this age, in this city, and weep again! So thoroughly corrupt, O Blessed Redeemer, is the Christianity of the age, that the old man's wish to follow your example—"Preach good tidings to the Poor"—has been made a crime.

Yes, a renowned Senator, before a solemn Court of Justice, declares with piteous utterance, and tears that were recompensed with fees as unctuous, that the Idea of Stephen Girard—to feed, clothe, educate the Orphan Poor, without Sectarian bigotry—was opposed to the very spirit of Christianity! And the Ministers of Jesus applauded the Senator, who of course must have been a sober, moral man, living in temperance, faith, and love; and beg him to print his words in a book, so that it may be known that the Infidel Stephen Girard was rebuked by the Christian Daniel Webster!

Let us now leave the College, and follow the Face into other scenes of the Great City.

One night, I stood in a crowded church, and saw three missionaries, consecrated for a great work. They were about to cross the globe and preach the gospel to the poor of Hindostan. To aid them in this work, some thousands of dollars were showered upon the altar; say, beautiful women tore the bracelets from their wrists, the jewels from their bosoms, and said, "Take these, and carry the Gospel to the Perishing Heathen."

Within a stone's throw of that church, at the same hour, occurred a scene of somewhat different kind. Behold it:

Leaving the church, we will enter the narrow alley which branches from the main street. In this gloomy avenue, the only light that shines is from the dingy windows of the Run-Shop. In this lane of desolation, at least one hundred houses or huts are huddled together, some frame, some brick, all with their windows stuffed with rags. These houses yield a handsome rent to their owners. You imagine that a family, or three or four persons occupies each house!

You don't know Philadelphia. That is evident. Let me show you how a single room in one of these huts—that one next the Tenth Run-Shop—is occupied.

Through the narrow door into this room with low ceiling, black walls, and floor some ten feet square. What have we here? By a light—not half so beautiful as the chandelier in the church, believe me—the light of a tallow candle, stuck in a porter bottle, you may behold the scene. Close to the wall, side by side, their knees drawn up to their chins, are crumpled at least twenty human beings, from the half-naked girl of fifteen to the old man of eighty; here, the Mother with a baby at her breast; there, the Negro with his rum bottle; and along the square formed by their huddled forms, you may see every thing that is miserable in nakedness, disease, and rags.

These are the Run-Shop keeper's lodgers—but not all. All day long they prowl the streets, picking rags from the gutters, begging cold victuals, or stealing a morsel where they can, and at night they repose here, as you see them, for one cent a head.

The porter bottle which illuminates the room is held by a huge negro, who, with rags upon his bony chest, is playing cards with a white woman, also crumpled on the filthy floor. As the greasy pack passes from the white hand to the black hand, you see a woman—only a miserable rag upon her form—stretched stiffly out in the center of the floor, her bosom and limbs discolored by the light. That bosom is wasted, those arms shrunk to the bone. As for the face, you can not see it, for her black hair, streaked with gray, falls over it. Does she sleep?

Lift the hair from her face and behold those stony eyeballs. She sleeps; and sleeps all the better that she has had no bread for three days.

And while the dead woman lies there, and the wretches crouch against the wall, a hideous group are seen near the fire-place, engaged in those horrid debaucheries which have no name.

My good Missionary, permit me to take you by the bow of your white cravat, and lead you gently from the crowded church into this room—and don't think me impertinent when I tell you that the Lord Jesus will smile in richer blessing on you, if you but sell one or more of your handsomely bound Bibles, to buy a little bread, a little shelter, for these Heathens of Philadelphia. Excuse my freedom, friend; I've an odd way of saying things; but as there is a God, you need not go all the way to Hindostan to find Perishing Heathen.

Every room in this Run-Shop keeper's house is tenanted in this way. We dare not go into the cellar; the sight is too horrible! A charnel crowded with living corpses, and steaming with leprosy and pollution! Every house in this narrow alley has occupants like these; in the afternoon, when the sun comes warmly on one side of the pavement, you may see the bricks, the gutters, the cellar doors, awash and blacked with the thousand shapes of nakedness and rags. This is not a solitary thing in the Great City, believe me, but only one among a hundred—this horrible Lane of Desolation, shooting away from the main street, not five hundred yards from a Church of God.

Two millions of Dollars for marble pillars and pure Grecian architecture, in a city which boasts scenes like these!

Sometimes the filth and pollution of this den gives birth to a horrible pestilence, the Leprosy or Fever, and then you may see the kind of Harvest reaped by Death, in the cellars and the rooms, the gutters and the garrets, where the dead rot for days, naked and unburied, while the leper is dying, and the drunkard drinking, and the maniac cursing, within the confines of the same walls. Oh, for eloquent Webster's presence here, with one of his sound lectures against Infidelity, and in favor of pure Christianity.

You may not like these scenes. I confess I do not, and would rather they had no existence. But as they exist, a painful necessity is upon me to show them to the world, in order that every body may curse the memory of the "INFIDEL" Girard, and love the Marble Pillars, that were purchased with Two Millions of Dollars.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. G. T. DEXTER,

89 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET

Between Lexington and Third Avenues,

NEW YORK.

J. B. CONKLIN, the well-known Test Medium, has taken rooms at 542 Broadway. The Manifestations through Mr. Con. consist chiefly of Rapping, Tapping, and Writing. Hours from 10 to 12 Morning; 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.

The meetings of the Harmonical Association of Philadelphia are held every Sunday in the Sanson Street Hall, commencing at half-past 10 A.M., and half-past 7 P.M.

DRS. HATCH AND HARRINGTON. Have associated themselves together in their professional business for the purpose of concentrating their powers in diagnosing and treating disease in all its various stages and forms.

Dr. Hatch has been a Professor of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children in a Medical School in Boston, and made much valuable improvement in the treatment of Female Diseases.

Dr. Harrington has long been in a remarkably successful practice, and is unquestionably the most accurate and reliable in describing the real nature, cause, and locality of disease, and its proper remedy, of any one in America. He possesses a "clear seeing" or intuitive power heretofore unequalled; and combined as it is with a very extensive Medical experience, both in himself and his associate, they have no hesitation in guaranteeing a correct description of all diseases, and a radical cure in all cases where it is in the power of human agency.

Patients who can not visit the city, may be assured that by writing they can have the real cause and nature of their disease fully described, and the most effective method of treatment clearly pointed out, and with as much accuracy as if they were present in person. Those who write will be required to enclose \$10. Office 112 Broadway, New York. Office hours from 10 to 12 A.M., and 3 to 4 P.M.

B. F. HATCH, M.D. DR. ISAAC HARRINGTON. 127 1/2.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUCTION.

T. J. ELLINWOOD, a practical Reporter, is happy to announce that he is again prepared to give, at the Photographic Rooms of Powers and Wells, 305 Broadway, New York, on the most reasonable terms, either in classes or in private, complete and thorough instruction in that very beautiful, scientific, and simple system of shorthand-writing called Photography—a knowledge of which no person, male or female, should fail to possess.

Classes will be formed from time to time, so that persons may commence their instruction whenever they desire. Ladies as well as gentlemen will be admitted. Mr. Ellinwood will also give a thorough course of instruction in Photography, by letter, through the mail, for \$3 00, including instruction-book and postage on instruction letters. Eight or ten letters, with the book, will be sufficient to enable a person to use Photography for all the purposes for which longhand is used. For persons abroad, the book will be sent by mail, and the instruction letters in this much-to-be-coveted art. Terms in advance. For further particulars, or for instruction letters, address, post-paid, T. J. Ellinwood, care of Powers and Wells, 305 Broadway, New York.

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Remedies for Ophthalmia, Anisotropia, Flimsy Affections of the Tear passages, Weak and defective Vision, Sore and reliable for all diseases of the Eye and its appendages. They have relieved multitudes (some from total blindness of 50 years), and one patient